BRITISH CRAFTSMANSHIP

Flowers for your garden.
Lights burning for your
Fireside.
Presents for your children.
Some of these your wants.

A garden-tub in oak.
Costs very little money,
But pleases other folk
If placed in pretty sunny

Pleasant useful things
The Country Craftsmen
makes.
They are infinitely better
Than mass-production
fakes.

We sell the age-long story,
Of quality against price,
Foreign competition,
And Sheep "things that
are" nasty.

The foolishness of this
Is proved by lunch-
shopping.
You buy one for a shilling
Week handles—contents
dropping.

But are the people just
With unemployment rife
To buy these foreign things
And injure national life?

Although we fail as yet,
Our purpose we'll not shake
To serve the British People
To buy the Craftsman's work.

And what is this work? It includes tweeds from the Isle of Harris, rushwork from St. Ruth, "homespuns" from the hills of Wales, basketry from Somerset, wrought iron from village forges, pottery and leather from the Cotswolds, chairs from Orkney, jewellery from Sussex, copper, brass and pewter from Cumberland and lace and hand-knitted goods from the Shetland Islands.

Such a list is very incomplete, but you are invited to call and see these and other pleasant things at the permanent exhibition and showrooms in London.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

COUNTRY INDUSTRIES, LTD.

26, ECCLESTON STREET, VICTORIA, S.W.1

Telephone: Victoria 7200

Marketing organisation for the
rural industries of Great Britain.

Write for an illustrated booklet. Send us your enquiries.

"Luvisca" SHIRTS PYJAMAS & SOFT COLLARS

THE even and silky weave, the clear and refined colours, and the smart and shapely style of "Luvisca" Shirts, Soft Collars and Pyjamas will win your instant approval. But you will also discover that the most exacting use does not spoil their original fine qualities. See what a wide variety of designs awaits you at your Outfitters!

LOOK FOR THE REGD. TAB:

SOLD BY LEADING HOSIERS, OUTFITTERS & STORES.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write Courtaulds, Ltd. (Dept. 81 M)., 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C. 1, for name of your nearest retailer, and descriptive literature.

Please!

WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL is coping with a financial situation unparalleled in its **213** years of voluntary work, owing to the inability of many of its generous subscribers to continue their donations during the present industrial and economic crisis.

SPECIAL HELP IS NEEDED TO TIDE OVER THIS CRISIS

The services of our Hospitals are needed more than ever in these difficult days.

PLEASE SEND A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTION—OR BECOME A GOVERNOR OF THE HOSPITAL

£3/3/- annually or a donation of £30 entitles the subscriber to all the privileges of GOVERNORSHIP.

Cheques should be made payable to:

WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL

and sent to

K. A. WOLFE BARRY, Esq., O.B.E.
Chairman,
WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL, S.W. 1.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

CONTENTS OF THE TWO-HUNDRED-AND-SIXTY-EIGHTH NUMBER

		PAGE
V. A. MALCOLMSON / M. D. O'REILLY	The Flight from Taxation / The Attractions of Malaya	Correspondence 267a
DOUGLAS JERROLD	Current Comments	269
AUSTIN HOPKINSON	The First Step Towards National Sanity	275
F. A. W. GISBORNE	Caucus Government in Australia	282
C. M. LEWIS	Unemployment	293
B. W. H. PRATT	A Policy for Agriculture	297
ROLAND ATKINSON	Notes from Paris	302
Sir HENRY W. THORNTON, K.B.E.	Canada and World Depression	306
The Late Air Commodore C. R. SAMSON, D.S.O.	The Aeroplane versus the Man-of-War	311
HU SUN CHI	A Sidelight on the Opium Traffic	319
F. M. EDWARDS	On Marûr in Egypt	326
Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR	The Theatre and the Films	336
H. V. F. SOMERSET	Burke's Eloquence and Hansard's Reports	342
A. WERNER	The Justice of the Wild	351
WIFE OF A SETTLER	Kenya: A Few Reflections	360
H. K. DERRY	The Settler's Son	365
PHILLIS ROWLEY	Poem: Bermuda Churchyards	374
C. MANSEL REECE	Poem: Zanzibar	375
A. P. GARLAND	"Says Sergeant Murphy"	376
HORACE SHIPP	The X-rays up to Nature	378
	Book Reviews	381

HENRY J. BROWN

LATE W. LAWSON PEACOCK & CO.

SELECTED MASTERPIECES of the "BARBIZON SCHOOL" now on view by Boudin, Corot, Daubigny, Diaz, Millet and Rousseau

Sunlight in Fontainbleau Forest. *Th. Rousseau.*

GOOD PRICE PAID for Fine Portraits by Raeburn, Romney, Hoppner, Lawrence, etc.

Patronised by Queen Mary and other members of the Royal Family and well-known Collectors.

THE RAEBURN GALLERY

48, Duke Street, St. James's, S.W.

Close to Christie's. ONLY ADDRESS. *Telephone: WHITEHALL 3217.*

VALUATIONS OF PICTURES FOR PROBATE, ETC.

"The economy of using cheap Stationery is as false as the impression it may convey"

Ask your Printer to submit specimens of

BRITISH BOND

(SEE WATERMARK)

and other Fine Rag Papers made in England

by

SPICERS Ltd.

"Paper of QUALITY speaks for itself; it also speaks for YOU."

Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

MORE interest is being shown to-day in the strength of the Soviet Army than at any time since the war, for it is realized that no Disarmament Conference at Geneva can have the slightest chances of success if Russia maintains her present strength of land forces, which are larger than those of any of the chief European powers. Unfortunately, there is a tendency in a section of the Press to exaggerate both the strength and *morale* of the Soviet Army, and for that reason trustworthy military information is of value, although in these notes it is only possible to deal with the subject briefly.

The Russian Army

* * * *

THE population of Russia is about 150,000,000, authorities varying the figures between 143,000,000 and 160,000,000. There is no difficulty, therefore, in enrolling a conscript force of 1,100,000, of which number 562,000 form the Regular Army and the remainder the Territorial. But there is in addition a mixed force of men, women and students who have had a semblance of military training, or are, as it has been well put, " substantially militarized in thought, deed and word." Educational policy in Russia tends definitely to militarize the schools.

Its Formations

Last of all, but far from least, there are the special " shock " troops, independent of the ordinary Army organization. They are the pick of the Russian soldiery, known as the " Chon," and consist of Ogpu formations classified under the categories of Special Troops, Frontier Guards and Convoy Troops. They number about 40,000, possibly more.

* * * *

THERE are eight military districts, each with an elaborate and comprehensive Headquarters Staff, worked on lines as thorough and as practical from a military point of view as those of France or pre-war Germany. They each possess, however, an additional administrative department, quite singular, known as the Political. It supplies to the Army instructors in politics propaganda of all sorts suitable to Soviet needs, general information of the world through Soviet spectacles, and the use of many books and publications.

H.Q. and Politics

At the present time, the Soviet Army consists of 26 Corps, 22 of which are Infantry and 4 Cavalry. Each Corps has its own Artillery, Heavy and Medium, Engineers, Signals, Tanks and Armoured Cars and Gas units. The last-named are an important and increasing arm of the Service. There are three Divisions to each Corps, Cavalry and Infantry.

* * * *

A CAVALRY Corps consists of over 25,000 horses and men, with 360 heavy machine guns and 300 light machine guns; a Cavalry Division of 8,500 men, with 120 heavy and 100 light machine guns. A Russian cavalry regiment consists of about 950 men with 32 machine guns, half of them heavy and half light. Thus it will be seen that on paper the Russian Cavalry far outnumber ours.

Strong Cavalry and Infantry Corps

An Infantry Corps is approximately 55,000 strong, made up of three Divisions. In turn each Division consists of three regiments (each regiment having three battalions) with an artillery regiment of howitzers and light artillery, signals, ammunition column, engineers and other auxiliary

"I always look forward to my visits"

"Nothing is ever too much trouble."
"The service is perfect."

WE invite you to test the truth of what our tenants say about us, and we offer you a delightful *pied-à-terre* in London.

Bed, Breakfast and Private Bathroom.
From £5 5s. single per week, per person.
From £3 13s. 6d. double per week, per person.
Also Private Suites with attendance from 7 gns. per week.
Please write for Booklet ER4.

EMBASSY COURT HOTEL, 91, 92 & 93, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

services. A regimental chemical section is attached to each regiment as a definite part of its establishment. Here again the comparison with ourselves in strength is marked. The war-strength of a Russian Division is nearly twice ours.

* * * *

OF the Special Troops, the Ogpu amounts to ten regiments, centralized for political purposes on Moscow and Leningrad. It is confidently stated that a sum exceeding £12,000,000 annually is spent on this Force, and this is absolutely exclusive of ordinary Army Estimates.

Ogpu Force

The Ogpu soldiers, the "storm troops" of the Republic, in addition to their ten regiments or thirty battalions have 100 special detachments distributed throughout the Provinces. They maintain a special training standard, have special pay, food and privileges and are always under the orders of the Inner Executive of the Soviet. It is their strength that raises the problem of Soviet military power; for their efficiency is admitted, while that of the ordinary Army, as far as can be judged, is quite fair. Their prowess in the field must depend on the possession of the necessary scientific resources to make good their training.

* * * *

THE Territorial Army dates from 1924, and was created to enable the Regular Army to expand at once in time of war. Frankly, the Soviet authorities have been more successful in training the Territorials than they expected to be, and in consequence this particular army is a formidable military item, which other nations cannot afford to overlook on account of its size. It is stated on excellent authority that there are 35,000 groups under military instruction, no group consisting of more than fifteen members, so that the regular army instructors can give individual attention to each member.

Powerful Territorial Army

This feature and the provision of nearly 14,000 rifle clubs and over 3,250 rifle ranges speak for themselves. No wonder there is anxiety here lest the North-West Frontier of India should be left undefended and our Army at home and abroad whittled away to a minimum strength.

* * * *

SOLOVETSKI Islands, now used for political prisoners, I remember well, both before the war and during the British occupation of North Russia in 1919.

On the main island stood the famous Monastery hallowed for centuries by the saintly lives of its founders, Saints Zosima and Savatii, simple-minded monks of the 13th century, who came there to be away from the world.

Solovetski Islands and Monastery

The island was approached by a narrow channel requiring very skilful navigation, the whole harbour being land-locked, and the massive walls of the monastery rose almost out from the sea with the wharf but a few

You can't ask too many ?

To those interested, we are always willing to answer questions and to give first hand reliable information about TRADE, TRAVEL, SPORT AND SETTLEMENT in Kenya, Northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland, Tanganyika, Uganda and Zanzibar. *Can we help YOU?*

H.M. EASTERN AFRICAN DEPENDENCIES

TRADE AND INFORMATION OFFICE,
ROYAL MAIL BUILDING, COCKSPUR STREET.
(Entrance: Spring Gardens). LONDON, S.W.1.

feet away. There were three Cathedrals with green-tiled cupolas, belfries and minarets with golden crosses, and a maze of other buildings all round.

* * * *

A TUNNEL-LIKE gateway led into the monastery enclosure and the sacred ikon of Mother and Divine Child hung overhead.

Frescoes of Hell

On the walls were frescoes which Dante might well have envied, frescoes depicting Hell at its worst, passing which all simple-minded Russians, thoroughly alarmed, crossed themselves with deep earnestness.

It is, indeed, now a hell on earth with the Cathedrals stripped of all their religious emblems and turned into prisons for 7,000 people, who have done no wrong except to be suspected of holding different political opinions to those favoured by the tyrants of Moscow. These frescoes of hell's torments, strangely reminiscent of " Paradise Lost," are being translated into human life on the island to-day.

* * * *

THE State apartments were wonderfully beautiful with many portraits of Tsars and Archimandrites on the walls, and a beautiful parquetry flooring. This and the marble flooring of the Cathedrals have disappeared, as have all the jewels on the shrines and every vestige of wealth and art.

State Apartments

* * * *

WHEN it is fully realized that the monks never took meat, which it is not possible to obtain, and lived almost entirely on fish, the depth of cruelty in sending many thousands of political prisoners here can be better appreciated. There were several hundred monks in the Monastery, but these were mostly driven out and murdered.

No Meat Diet

When I was there, the monks gave me an excellent fish diet and varied it as much as possible. I was served with soup of flat-fish, boiled codfish, cooked perch and flat-fish, raw herring with vinegar and onions, excellent sardines of brilliant hue, barley boiled with linseed, and most palatable black bread, made in the bakery on the spot, and Koas, the non-intoxicating but most refreshing beverage which the monks brewed.

* * * *

IN the Library was a wonderful collection of Slavonic books, and in the Museum splendid vestments, the Charter of Novgorod, the psalter of Zosima and many beautiful carvings. These have disappeared. In the workshops of the monks many brilliantly coloured and gilded pictures and icons were made, and Russian boots (sapogi); there was a tannery where skins of seal, wolf and deer were prepared, and in another place long skin coats (shubas). The many thousands of pilgrims who from all over Russia once visited the Islands bought these things.

Busy Monks

Health to the suffering!

THE NATURE CURE MAGAZINE

A journal that saves thousands of pounds to its readers by keeping them versed in health maintenance and supplying curative advice.

Current issue contains useful articles upon

Neurasthenia and Allied Diseases of the Nervous System
Food and Feeding
Mental Therapeutic Notes

and other articles of instructive value worthy of perusal by all. One thousand cases declared hopeless have been cured by nature methods.

PRICE, POST FREE
One Shilling and Sixpence

BRITISH NATURE CURE ASSOCIATION
(P), Great Turnstile Chambers, Great Turnstile, London, W.C. 1.

I CANNOT leave Solovetski without telling the story of the British warships that came into the White Sea during the Crimean War, and thinking it to be a fortified place—it certainly looked like it from the sea—bombarded it with grenades and bombs. No damage was done, however, and a landing party discovered the monks in church praying hard for deliverance.

Our Bombardment in 1854

The cannon-balls were carefully kept as mementoes and when the Father Guardian showed them to me, it was with no little emotion. The monks believed firmly they had Divine Protection and set up a special shrine to the Virgin Mother as an act of gratitude.

* * * *

AUSTRALIA and Canada are no longer the fashion for the settler, whether he desires to carve out his future or to take advantage of a change of life, climate and scenery to escape the heavy taxation at home. South Africa is now the favoured Dominion. I hear that over 6,000 settlers had been dealt with during the last decade by the 1820 Memorial Settlers' Association.* They included a large number of retired officers from the three Services, as well as from the Civil Services at home and in India, and not a few business men. It is something in these days to pitch one's tent in a country with magnificent climate and opportunities to carry on farming of all kinds, and other enterprises. A retired naval officer who took the Association's advice where to settle in South Africa and how to occupy his energies, for he was among those forced out of work by the Government's "little Navy" policy, writes enthusiastically of his orange farm, the life and its possibilities.

1820 Memorial Settlers' Association

He comments vigorously on the differences of taxation, there and here, and tells me he has built his own bungalow at a comparatively trifling cost. Already he has met many old friends of the Services and there is more of a British atmosphere in many places than would be found in the Americanized quarters of Canada. For those thinking of going out to South Africa, he commends strongly taking a tour which the Shipping Companies arrange at very moderate cost, to see the lie of the land first. Then one can obtain advice from the Association's officials in the Union about the best line of action to follow.

* 199, Piccadilly, London, W. 1.

CLUB GOSSIP

I WAS looking at the river just above the finishing post of the Boat Race at Mortlake Brewery the other day, and noticed the piles in the centre of the stream where the new Chiswick Bridge is being constructed. It is evident that there must be a possibility of danger to the boats as these piles are so near the finishing mark, and I shall not be surprised to hear that this mark will be put back fifty to a hundred yards, which will mean that the starting point of the race will be moved back a corresponding distance. This would bring it almost up to Putney Bridge.

The Boat Race Course

* * * *

THERE is a subtle argument connected with this impending, if temporary, change. Which crew will be favoured more in the concluding stages of the Race? The Middlesex side of the river is notoriously not so good a natural one as the Surrey side. But the new finishing mark will be so close to the bend at Barnes Bridge that the Middlesex side will have a distinct advantage, if the contest be a close one. We may see, this year, a keen tactical fight between the rival crews for positions near the winning mark.

Middlesex v. Surrey Banks

* * * *

TROUT-FISHING begins on a number of streams on March 1, but it is a pretty bold and enthusiastic angler who ventures out on the first day of the season, or for that matter in the month of March at all. This year the streams should be full of water and running strong, and an old friend, the March Brown, should be successful in luring feeding fish in the middle of the day. But when do fish feed? Everyone I have met for thirty years has a different tale to tell.

Trout-fishing Begins

* * * *

LET me give a personal explanation. Up North, near Saltburn-on-Sea, I rode over one year in the early days of the season to fish a private lake, or rather reservoir. The weather was vile; a very strong gale of wind blowing, bitterly cold, heavy snow and sleet showers—altogether as bad a day as could possibly be imagined for fly-fishing.

A Splendid Catch in Gale and Snow

The keeper shook his head. So did I. After an hour's hard work with not a rise I had just decided to give it up, when by chance I saw on the surface a batch of flies, Blue Duns, and in an instant, despite the waves on the surface due to the wind, trout began to rise. I changed my flies to the blue variety and in ninety minutes caught 48 big trout. The burst of feeding was over. I doubt whether the trout fed again for a week.

* * * *

AFTER Ireland beat England at Twickenham many Rugby devotees dined at West-End restaurants.

Irish Rugby Football and Finance

The Irishmen were naturally elated and one well-known City banker was far from satisfied. He was glum, not only because of the game going to Ireland, but because the Free State's budget was as good as ours was bad. He made this remark, that if the Chancellor reduced the rate of interest on Government securities to make good the deficit on the year, foreign holders of these securities would sell hundred of millions of pounds' worth to invest their money in other securities elsewhere, bearing better interest. To which an Irish banker at the table replied, "We have already sold much of our holding. We are not waiting for eleventh hour surprises, as we had to do this afternoon at Twickenham."

The conversation then became financial for a considerable time, during which I learnt that the Chancellor has already refused the advice of the City and therefore Lloyd George's vituperative speech was pre-arranged as a part of the Socialist-Liberal programme!

Correspondence

The Flight from Taxation

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—The action of the rat in leaving a sinking ship is often spoken of in terms of opprobrium, but it is in fact only an indication of sound common sense and prompted by the instinct of self-preservation. Similarly, the flight from taxation must assuredly be watched at the present time by Mr. Snowden with feelings of grave apprehension but also with due recognition of the foresight and intelligence of the movement. It is, however, doubtful whether it is equally appreciated by his colleagues.

His solemn warning to the nation was based neither upon the exigencies of party politics nor upon personal prejudices but upon the clear evidences of his observation.

Never before have Solicitors, Accountants and Financiers been so busy evolving schemes for the avoidance of taxation, and day after day and far into the night shrewd business men are making hectic preparations to place their fast diminishing savings out of harm's way. This can only be regarded as a patriotic procedure in that, when (and if) confidence is restored in the economic future of Great Britain, this capital will be intact and available for the rehabilitation of the Country's welfare and prosperity. The procedure is perfectly simple—that of transferring Capital abroad and living on the realization of such capital from time to time in place of receiving interest warrants or dividends which would necessitate their inclusion in the annual return for taxation purposes. In so far as this procedure passes on the burden to others (perhaps, less able to bear it), it is unpatriotic, but in that it is saving from wreckage that which would be irretrievably lost, it is intelligent and constructive.

Mr. Snowden and some of his more intelligent colleagues must know the position well enough and also be conscious of a struggle against conditions which, if they persist, will, as surely as the sun still rises and sets, ultimately engulf not only the whole of the Socialist movement but also the State and the Empire.

They are undoubtedly able to appreciate this, but have not yet found the moral courage to admit it and to seek for the only life-line which promises any hope of rescue from disaster, viz., the co-operation and assistance of the opposing political parties. This is ready to hand for the asking, but it must be sought in no ungrudging spirit and with the single purpose of bringing the ship safely into harbour. Is it too heavy a personal sacrifice to ask for a purely National cause? In all probability it will prove to be so and the skipper will look on and watch until the very last rat has left the ship.

The alternative course is too heroic to demand serious consideration. Heroism may come later, for its demands are never so exacting when disaster is an accomplished fact as when it is only in contemplation.

Expediency is always more attractive than the claims of duty and sacrifice; were it not so, the Premier would inform His Majesty that it is no longer possible to keep the finances of the Country on an even keel, with the continued buffeting of opposing political parties and that it is advisable to form an alternative administration.

Yours, etc.,
V. A. MALCOLMSON.

Brooke's Club,
St. James Street, S.W. 1.
February 18, 1931.

The Attractions of Malaya

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—My attention has just been called to the letter of Mr. E. T. Campbell, M.P., in which he alludes to the many attractions of British Malaya for the tourist. This I have read with the greatest interest and pleasure, as, indeed, all who saw it who have a knowledge of and affection for Malaya must have done.

The Malaya of to-day offers, as Mr. Campbell rightly observes, a wealth of delight to the tourist. Under British guidance and protection during the last fifty years, what was once a jungle-covered home of piracy, slavery, corruption and oppression has been transformed into one of the richest, most modern and most beautiful countries in the world. Fine cities have grown up, excellent railways have been laid down, over 4,000 miles of motor roads span the country, and its natural scenic beauties (amongst the finest in the world) have been brought within easy reach of the visitor.

It presents the unexpected charm of the old and the new side by side. The tourist may find his every want fulfilled in great European shops and stores which would not disgrace Bond Street or the Rue de la Paix, and he may haggle for an hour in a native bazaar in the time-honoured fashion. He enjoys the modern facilities of rail and road, but these offspring of Western civilization have not marred the beauty of the land or the ancient grandeur of its jungle-clothed hills. Modern agriculture, in the shape of rubber plantations, oil-palm estates, and so on, has definitely added to the scenic attractions.

British Malaya enjoys the advantage of extreme accessibility Steamship lines run to it from all directions—from Europe, America, Australia, China and Japan. It might, indeed, with reason, be called the "half-way house" of the world's shipping. I am convinced that, were its manifold attractions more widely known, British Malaya would very soon become one of the most popular holiday-grounds in the Empire.

8 Leicester Place,
W.C.2.

Yours, etc.,
M. D. O'REILLY.

A Winter Week-end Tonic of Ozone

at the

BERESFORD HOTEL

BIRCHINGTON-ON-SEA, THANET.

"An Ideal Hotel in an Ideal Situation."
"A Garden of Eden on the Kentish Cliffs."
Mr. Geo. R. Sims.

THE STRESS OF WORK AND PLEASURE IN LONDON demands occasional relaxation in clear, bracing air. A visit to the Beresford Hotel may be as enjoyable at other seasons as in summer when (and at Christmas) it is always full. The average of dry, sunny days in winter at Birchington is quite as good as in summer.

The Management believe that their high standard of comfort requires a permanent staff continuously employed. They have therefore reduced winter charges to 12/6 a day (Easter 25/-). No charge for afternoon tea, dances, tennis, baths. The trouble of tips at week-ends is avoided by supplement of 10%.

HARD TENNIS COURTS — GOLF — DANCE SATURDAYS
FIRST-CLASS CUISINE — CHOICE WINES.

Sea Water, Seaweed (Ozone), Radiant Heat and other Medicinal Baths & Massage in the Hotel.

Under two hours by train or a pleasant motor run of 68 miles from town, reaches the nearest unspoiled seaside resort and one of the best appointed Hotels in England.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET WITH ROAD MAP ON REQUEST. *Tel.: Birchington* 101

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
MARCH, 1931.

Current Comments

ONE of the oldest tricks of the pickpocket, having stolen your watch, is to shout "Stop thief!" and start a hue and cry after an imaginary runaway, hoping so to get away with it. It is now clear that Mr. Snowden's cry of alarm at the state of the national finances was inspired by the hope that it would cover his evasion of the only measures by which they can be restored. He means both to keep the watch and to steal as many more as he can. But, as he has been careful to tell his followers, he will only take from those who "can afford the loss." The voters who put him and his party into power will share the swag. Their reaction to Mr. Snowden's alarum was tersely expressed by Mr. Buchanan in the House of Commons in a reference to the Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance :—

Stop Thief!

> It was an outrage that a Labour Chancellor of the Exchequer should send Treasury officials to give evidence before that body against the poor whose votes had put the Labour party into office. . . The Government had made pledges to the unemployed, and some of its members had given pledges which he would have been afraid to make. He hoped they would show a stout front in resisting the demands of the Opposition.

"No taxation without representation" was once an unquestioned axiom of political justice. Our constitution was, in fact, based upon it. But no despotic monarch ever more ruthlessly robbed his subjects than the 95 per cent. of the British electorate, who, paying no direct taxes themselves, compel a defenceless minority of 5 per cent. to provide the bulk of the national expenditure, monstrously swollen by mass alms-giving called "Social Services."

SUCH a state of affairs exists in no civilized community outside the British Isles. It is paralleled, in an inverted form, only in Russia, where a small oligarchy has relentlessly reduced the entire nation to bare subsistence level in order to raise funds to provide industrial equipment in

The City and the Treasury

five years which elsewhere have been accumulated during generations or centuries. Although the plan is doomed to failure, at least in so far as achieving prosperity for the workers is concerned, the purpose is intelligible. Were it better inspired and confined to that one purpose, it might even command respect. But our British tax-masters only rob to squander on themselves with the declared double object of enjoying while they may and destroying the capitalist system. Whatever he may say, Mr. Snowden is wholly pledged to this insane policy. His speech the other day only proves that he now knows he cannot covertly carry it through by easy stages. It was merely the ejaculation of the thief who has touched the burglar alarm and fears the arrival of the police. His accomplices may deceive themselves that with the help of Mr. Lloyd George they can escape until a general election. Mr. Snowden is beginning to realize that, election or no, the City and the Treasury will not give him much more rope.

Paddington and Islington (the Moral)

ONE aspect of the recent elections demands the immediate attention of the Conservative Central office. We refer to the machinery for the choice of candidates. The Liberal and Labour parties control their local organizations; the Conservative party appear to be at the mercy of theirs. This is a disastrous state of affairs, unless and until steps are taken to place the local Conservative associations on some representative basis. The average Conservative resident has no knowledge of where the local Conservative association is or of who belongs to it. It is a close corporation and does not appear to realize that the art of selecting a candidate consists in selecting one who will appeal by his personality and record to the "marginal" elector. The disintegration of parties makes it certain that in future three or four candidates will be the rule, not the exception, and with true blue, pale blue, pink and red candidates in the field the personal quality of the candidates is bound to become the deciding factor. The last thing we wish for is a Central office dictatorship; but even this would be preferable to the present lack of any system at all. The root trouble is,

of course, finance. Until the Conservative Party is in a position to finance at any rate a proportion of energetic and forceful candidates, it is bound to remain at the mercy of the associations, which in their turn will tend to choose the wealthiest candidate available. And until the party is in a position to make some grant to the associations which adopt their candidates, it will have no effective power of influencing the choice of candidates even negatively.

The Craze for Words

FOLLOWING on a stream of memoranda from Sir Oswald Mosley came a positive torrent of words from the *Week-End Review*, under the title of a "National Plan." The desire of ambitious young men to be up and doing is extremely praiseworthy, but unfortunately it seems at the present day to take the form of sitting down and writing. Nothing, we are told, will do but a "plan." The time is past for "tinkering." Partial reorganization is hopeless; partisan solutions are futile. It does not seem to occur to these zealous reformers that nothing but a breakdown in the supply of paper could impose any limit to the writing down of sentences of this type. By using epithets such as "effective," any question can be begged. For instance, it is obvious that industry ought to be run by the "best brains," and that while it ought to be spared from "restrictive" legislation, it must be made to "discharge its responsibilities to the community." The only points at issue are the method of finding the best brains, the decision as to where precisely legitimate State interference ends and illegitimate interference begins, and the discovery of the best method of ensuring the discharge of public responsibilities by private corporations. We agree, say the memorandum writers: and then, in our plan, you find the answers.

More Ministries of Reconstruction

THE answers are all the same at bottom, and are all useless. We need to improve: therefore we will form a council of national improvement; we desire to plan: therefore we will form a national planning council. We desire to reconstruct: therefore we will form a ministry of reconstruction. It is merely fatuous to write

of avoiding the defects of private enterprise and State socialism. The defects of these systems are the defects of human nature, not of any system, and these defects will show themselves under any alternative system. The only practical question is to discover the system which will suffer least dislocation from these defects. We know, as a fact, that a man, left unchecked by superior authority, is greedy and selfish, and that when his selfishness and greed are held in check, he becomes lazy and foolish. By letting him be a little greedy, he will become a little less lazy. Nothing else will happen. All forms of organization create fresh problems. The solution is to be found not in repeated changes of organization but in facing facts. You cannot make a nation efficient by forming a ministry of efficiency, because the ministry you form will be composed of men, and will reflect the inefficiency (if it exists) of the men of the day. Any individual, given the power, can "reorganize" any society. Without, however, having dictatorial powers, his reorganization will come precisely and mathematically to reflect the state of society at the time he reorganized it. With dictatorial powers, which would rest on the consent of a majority of men, his reorganization would reflect, precisely and mathematically, the defects, foibles, ambitions, lusts and greed of that majority.

Memoranda and the Inferiority Complex

THE fallacy that the ills of society at any given time are due to the wanton exercise of privilege, or the irrational hold of folly on power, is one which recurs constantly throughout history. It reflects nothing more subtle or unexpected than the disgust of man with himself, which his egoism disguises as disgust with other people whom his vanity paints as inferior, if not actually different in kind, from himself and his associates. Actually, of course, there is no difference. "*Quis tulerit Gracchos,*" asked Juvenal, "*de seditione querentes?*" To which history has given the answer. The criticism of the man who has not arrived on the inefficiency of the man who has is human but it is not for that reason inspiring.

THE formulation of a "Plan" is defended as being constructive, but this is a grotesque delusion. There is nothing constructive about the efforts of ideologues to cure the ills of our time by organization. The essential first step in constructive political thinking is to remember, what is, of course, a truism to serious students of politics, but is always overlooked by amateurs, that the history of modern Europe is the history of organization. Whatever may be the cure for its present sickness, more organization is not and cannot be. It is precisely the nemesis of organization that it damns the channels of right action by individuals. The result is that organization cannot stop until the individual has been organized out of existence. It is merely the characteristic issue of the business that our arch-organizers to-day have already reached the point where their schemes demand as the price of the avoidance of breakdown the prevention of birth and the denial of the right to produce children. The only reason why the individual has not revolted at the mere threat of these monstrous tyrannies is because he is already crushed with the weight of organization. The terrible nemesis of depopulation which always overtakes a civilization that falls a victim to organization is upon us. The task of destruction is well in hand. It only wants a "Plan" to complete it. The constructive approach to politics demands humility in the first place and a little knowledge of history in the second. We must recognize that while a man can support himself in a free society based on the principle of individual responsibility, he starves once the State assumes responsibility for him without assuming power over him. He can organize himself into slavery or free himself.

Destruction not Construction

The practical principle, the operative word, of constructive politics is therefore to bring the institutions of the State into conformity with the facts of human nature, so that man can find in the strength and life of these institutions the fulfilment of the human needs of his spirit. To begin from the other end is to destroy mankind by denying to him the possibility *totum bene vivere*, to provide which is the whole end of political action.

The recent elections justify the hope that the revolt from the organizers of race suicide and intellectual bankruptcy may yet take place. The 50 per cent. who refrained from voting are not asking for more organization, but for a summary end to the rule of folly.

The "Nation" and the Education Bill

THE *Nation* as a separate publication came to an end in the latter part of February. For those who remember the *Nation* under Massingham, when such brilliant journalists as Henry Nevinson, H. M. Tomlinson and Charles Masterman were regular contributors, it was rather shocking to find the last number containing the following sentence: "It is intolerable that our educational system should be bedevilled by a shower of sectarian postcards." This extraordinarily foolish remark refers to the protests addressed by members of the Established Church of this country, and of the Catholic Church, to their Members of Parliament asking for equal treatment for Church schools. We would remind the writer—or, more probable, inform him for the first time—that institutional Christianity is the religion of Europe; from the Church, and through it, has come the whole of our civilization. The fact that in England a minority of people have broken off from the Established Church to form sects, while an intellectually negligible section has discarded religion altogether, does not make it permissible to describe the historic religion of Europe as being itself a sect. It is this kind of ignorant provincialism which debases the standing of English culture in Europe and degrades the profession of letters. It is also inconceivably foolish for a paper which once, and always nobly, if sometimes mistakenly, defended the cause of liberty, to complain of the audacity of Christian people who write to their Members of Parliament, and expect the views of their constituents to affect their action. The only refreshing feature of the muddle over the Education Bill is, of course, that it has provided one of the very rare instances in modern politics of successful democratic revolt against bureaucratic tyranny.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

*** *Owing to unforeseen pressure of work, Mr. Jerrold has not been able this month to write his usual number of notes.*

The First Step towards National Sanity

By Austin Hopkinson

BANKERS and industrial leaders are at present divided into two schools of thought. On the one side we find the Optimists, who hold that we are only on the brink of ruin, while against them are arrayed the Pessimists, who are convinced that we are already over it. The latter thesis would, I think, be the easier to maintain. For, taking round figures, our national and municipal annual commitments are approximately £1,000,000,000, equivalent to capital liabilities of £20,000,000,000, while the total national wealth is estimated to be in the neighbourhood of the latter figure. But let the reader clearly understand that the capital assets of the nation are rapidly decreasing, while the capital liabilities are swiftly increasing. In other words, we are insolvent, and a declaration of national bankruptcy (usually termed "currency inflation") is inevitable unless certain Acts of Parliament are at once repealed.

It is impossible any longer to disguise the fact, which for the past ten years I have striven to bring to the notice of the public, that we have been forced by Parliament to live beyond our income. The people of the United States, who are now in a predicament very similar to ours, have voluntarily lived beyond their incomes by adopting the hire-purchase system and thus pledging a large part of their future earnings. But we have been compelled to ruin ourselves by the House of Commons. Nothing short of disobedience to the laws of the realm could have saved us from the bankruptcy which has now overtaken us. And nothing short of wholesale repeal of those laws can restore us to solvency.

The immediate question is, therefore, whether Parliament as now constituted can repeal those laws, or whether some other form of constitution will have to be introduced in order to effect that object. In the November issue of this REVIEW I pointed out how closely we have approached to the edge of revolution, and further enlarged

upon that theme in other leading publications. *Post hoc* is not necessarily *propter hoc ;* but it is a fact not without significance that these ideas have spread like a forest fire during the last few weeks. Even Mr. Snowden, who has devoted his whole life to the propagation of the policy which has ruined us, as it has ruined every other nation foolish enough to adopt it, now publicly recants and informs us that he has made a great discovery. His great discovery, of which the public announcement has caused the newspapers to hail him as the superman of finance, simply amounts to this : that everything he has said and done hitherto was foolish to the verge of wickedness, and that we who have opposed his follies were merely fighting against a policy of ruin.

If I may digress for a moment at this point, I would mention that the most irritating part of public life is to be found in the fact that, if one devotes years to hammering some elementary truth, as it were, with a brick, into the thick skull of a political adversary, and if at long last success crowns one's efforts, then the aforesaid thick skull at once becomes in the public estimation the receptacle of every form of wisdom. The owner of it is enthusiastically invited to perpetrate a further course of ruinous folly until again some opponent hammers another fragment of common-sense into his head. In the case of Mr. Snowden I cannot but feel that his forty years of activity devoted to securing the ruin of our finances are hardly counterbalanced by his ultimate acknowledgment that ruin has at length been achieved.

To return, however, to the main question—no doubt most of my readers have now reached the conclusion that a drastic reduction in the national standard of living is inevitable and only differ in their opinions as to how that reduction can be effected. Some hold the view that there is but one way safely to effect that object. They advocate, therefore, the policy of raising prices in order to reduce real wages. This can readily be done by means of Protection, which is a form of inflation far less dangerous than currency inflation, and it is possible that the intensive propaganda which is now being brought to bear upon the electorate may succeed

in securing the return of a Protectionist government. Thus, the policy of inflating prices with a view to reducing real wages could be put into action without a revolution. But would it succeed?

Let us be guided by the experience of others. In Australia that policy has been pursued to its logical end, and has failed completely. The reason is obvious. Higher prices, in a country fully organized on a trade union basis and cursed with a Socialist party in politics, inevitably produce an irresistible demand for higher wage-rates or their equivalent in "social services." Hence, those higher prices are totally ineffective in regard to their object—the reduction of real wages. Thereupon a demand for higher protective duties is made, and is inevitably met by a rise in wage-rates. Thus, it is impossible to make the nation live within its income by introducing protective tariffs, unless political trade-unionism is practically non-existent, as in the United States.

But, when we examine the position of the latter country, we find it to be little better than that of our own, in spite of the fact that Labour in that country is far less highly organized than in Great Britain and Australia. This anomaly may perhaps be explained in the following way. The United States have fostered export trade by every means within their power, and have laid prohibitive import duties upon the goods with which their overseas customers wished to pay for American exports. Hence payment has had to be made in gold, since there is no other method of paying if no trade bills, representing imports into America, are to be bought. The inevitable result has been an immense accumulation of gold in New York. This has naturally been made the basis of a gigantic extension of credit, enabling manufacturers to introduce the system of hire-purchase, which, as I have already pointed out, has in its turn enabled the nation to pledge its income to such an extent that buying is now necessarily and drastically reduced. The attempts to restrict credit made by the Federal Reserve Board have, as was anticipated, completely failed. Here, again, the reason is obvious. Banks work with the credit balances of their customers, and, if they attempt

to restrict credit drastically during a boom, those customers withdraw their balances and put them at the disposal of speculative interests which are willing to pay very high rates for loans. As the banks have no power to place an embargo upon the credit balances of customers, they are powerless to prevent this from happening. Thence arose the failure of the Federal Reserve Board in America to check the fantastic boom and to mitigate the acuteness of the subsequent slump.

I have discussed at some length the plan of the Conservative Party for meeting our financial troubles, because I am convinced that it will prove gravely disappointing if it is put into operation. If I am right in this contention, the state of the nation would then at once become absolutely critical, and the parliamentary constitution could hardly withstand the strain. I trust, therefore, that the leaders of the Conservative opinion will give the matter their most serious consideration and refrain from light-heartedly adopting a policy which, if it fails, will leave us face to face with revolution. It is not suggested that a general tariff will not have any effect. Undoubtedly, to some extent and in some industries, it may improve conditions appreciably. But it is certain that it will fail to produce an effect sufficiently great to render unnecessary those larger measures of reform through which alone solvency can be restored to our national finances, and from which the policy of Protection will distract the attention of the nation. Doubtless the sufferings of the inhabitants of burning Rome were in some degree assuaged by the music of Nero's fiddle. But those sweet strains were but an indifferent substitute for fire-engines.

The critic of orthodox policy is expected, though I am by no means sure that the requirement is just or even logical, to propound an alternative, and I accept the challenge.

In the first place, I flatly deny that any form of inflation is necessary in order to reduce the incomes of the workers to such a degree that they shall no longer amount to more than the value of the wealth which they produce. The operation can be effected openly, honestly, and safely. Let the reader remember 1926, and interpret

the history of that year. The coal mining industry was bankrupt, and the Samuel Commission reported that it must cease to exist unless wages and working conditions were drastically altered. The Miners' Federation was the most powerful body in politics. It was backed by the Trade Union Congress, another immensely powerful political organization. The Press was almost entirely on the side of the Miners' Federation. So also was the public. Every means (even bishops) was employed to prevent the miners from being forced to earn their own living, and to enable them to continue to levy a tax upon all the other workers. Actual revolution was attempted. Mr. Winston Churchill endeavoured to use the whole power of the State to break our determination to put the industry on an economic basis. But we knew that all the threats were empty threats, because no government would be so foolish as to confiscate and carry on an industry which would necessarily be insolvent if conducted in accordance with the principles which constituted the whole matter in dispute. So the necessary changes were effected.

What has been done in the coal mining industry can be done in every other industry if there is courage enough to do it. This, indeed, is the real question: Is there still left in us enough courage and determination? Twice recently have the employers in the cotton trade set out to save it from extinction, and twice have they crumpled up and surrendered almost as soon as battle was joined.

I understand that our ecclesiastical authorities suggest special Days of Prayer as a means for reducing unemployment, and I feel sure that something may be thus effected, provided that all the prayers used are prayers for more "guts." The reader will forgive the expression, for the word in the sense in which I employ it here is an attractive one.

I maintain, then, that it is possible to effect a direct reduction in the general standard of living, though I admit that to do so may render it necessary for employers of labour to reduce their own standard of living when calling upon their men to make the sacrifice. But, in my opinion, a general reduction of wage-rates is not absolutely

unavoidable, since the abolition of many of those immensely expensive and wasteful additions to the standard of living embodied in the cant phrase "social services" would achieve the same object with far less hardship to the wage-earners.

Party politicians, when this is suggested to them, weep and wring their hands, saying that such a policy is doubtless necessary but is impossible in practice. Certainly, in the present circumstances, they are right. For it is admitted that no call for self-sacrifice will be answered so long as members of Parliament themselves rob the till. It is probable that no action of the House of Commons has roused more popular contempt for that assembly than its shameless robbery of the public purse immediately after it had made it impossible for the House of Lords to prevent it from perpetrating that outrage against common honesty. The respect of the nation for Parliament can never be regained until that blot is wiped from its escutcheon.

I maintain, therefore, that the essential first step to sound national finance is the abolition of all payments to members. No hardship is involved. If any constituency desires to put the control of the country's finances in the hands of a man so incapable of managing his own financial affairs that he is penniless, then let that constituency pay for its folly. A few pence from each voter would suffice. Should a saint or a philosopher chance to be elected (a remote contingency with the present electorate), doubtless the Salvation Army or the Carnegie Trust would look to the matter of his support. In any event, if we free our minds from cant, we must admit that no man who is incapable, and not merely undesirous, of earning his living in his spare time is fit to be a member of the House of Commons. This, let it be remarked, is one of the elementary truisms upon the denial of which a huge superstructure of humbug and folly has been erected during the past twenty years. The fact that a man is a miner or a postman is *prima facie* evidence that he is totally unfitted to govern the country—unless, of course, he is a miner or a postman because he wishes to be a miner or a postman, and not because he cannot help being one.

I would go further and express the opinion that, if democracy survives for a period long enough for its principles to become generally understood, future generations will insist that every man who enters Parliament shall pay a considerable sum annually for that privilege. When the nation is at war, many of us have to pay very large amounts of money in order to provide substitutes to do our civilian work, before we are allowed to serve in arms. And I see no reason why similar payments should not be exacted from those who desire to serve their country in peace.

Be that as it may, there is no hope that any political party will be able to re-establish our finances on a firm basis until it has first proved its own bona fides by abolishing payments to members of the House of Commons. Once it has done so, it can safely eliminate that great system of bribery known as "Social Reform." A drastic cleansing of that stinking cesspool of corruption, which we owe to Mr. Lloyd George and for whose continued existence he is now fighting desperately, would bring up our national credit to the equivalent of $2\frac{3}{4}$ to 3 per cent., and would thus relieve us of a vast part of our burden of debt. "Social Reform," which has been responsible for more human degradation than all the wars in history, is a two-fold pestilence. It squanders the capital of the nation by paying large sums to degrade the character of the people, for that is the main reason which induces demagogues to become its advocates. An intelligent and independent electorate has no use for demagogues. Hence the latter must, in self-defence introduce measures of Social Reform in order to make the electorate into a mass of greedy paupers. And it has the further effect of increasing the burden of those same debts whose redemption it renders impossible.

But limitations of space preclude further exploration of the path to sound finance. This essay deals with the initial step, and I cannot too urgently call upon the reader to consider whether any really effective action can be taken by a Parliament whose own members still have their fingers in the till.

Caucus Government in Australia

By F. A. W. Gisborne

FOR some weeks toward the close of last year Parliament House at Canberra was the scene of a rather curious comedy. Representatives of the people from all parts of Australia had been summoned to deliberate on questions of the gravest national importance and to devise remedies for economic diseases, the effects of which each day were becoming more far-reaching and disastrous. Unemployment had attained dimensions previously unknown in the country, more than 20 per cent. of the workers having been reduced to a condition of compulsory idleness, and, in too many cases, destitution. Industries were closing down daily in the cities; and owing to the recent heavy fall in the prices of Australia's chief export commodities, wool, wheat, metals, butter, fruit, etc., there was much depression in the mining, pastoral and agricultural districts. To complete the tale of the Commonwealth's tribulations, heavy public debts were about to fall due, and the returns from taxation were steadily declining. It was urgently necessary, therefore, that the assembled legislators should lose no time in grappling with the extremely difficult problems which confronted them.

Yet, notwithstanding the gravity of the crisis, day after day the sittings of Parliament were suspended, and most of the members of both Chambers were compelled reluctantly to join the already over-crowded ranks of the unemployed. The reason for this untimely interruption of public business was simple. A kind of super-Parliament, sitting and deliberating in secrecy, was in session, and its members were engaged, not only in making up their minds as to the policy to be adopted, but in making up the minds of their leaders also. In other words, the Labour Caucus was holding a succession of meetings with the object of drawing up instructions which the Government was expected to carry out. Only members of the Parliamentary Labour Party were admitted to these gatherings, and a policeman was stationed at the door of the room in which they were held to exclude possible intruders. Judging by the outbursts of raucous declamation which were occasionally overheard in the precincts of the Chamber thus jealously

guarded, the debates within were decidedly animated. Indeed, it soon became known that a severe struggle was in progress between two parties in the Caucus, and that the Government itself was divided on certain vital questions, the majority of its members showing an extreme unwillingness to accept the instructions agreed on by the larger number of its nominal followers. Parliament was temporarily reduced to a condition of legislative paralysis owing to these dissensions. While the cooks wrangled in the kitchen, the hungry guests were kept waiting for their dinner; and when at last it arrived, most of them found it extremely unpalatable.

A few words may be said concerning the origin and meaning of the word "Caucus." Like many other verbal monstrosities, it originated in America, where it was first applied to meetings of political party-managers who assembled to choose candidates before elections. In Australia the term has acquired a wider meaning and is now used to denote meetings of members of the Labour Party before and during each session of Parliament. When the party has secured a majority at a General Election, all its representatives in both Houses are summoned, first, to choose the new Prime Minister, and then to select members for the Cabinet positions available. Among these the Prime Minister is allowed to distribute the portfolios according to his own discretion. The point must be particularly emphasized, however, that each member of a Labour Government owes his elevation to a majority of the Caucus, and he is responsible solely to the latter for his conduct. Should he prove contumacious, he may at any time be deposed, and even expelled from the party by the body that elected him. This arrangement necessarily weakens the authority of the Prime Minister, who may find himself burdened with colleagues personally obnoxious to him, but unless he can command the support of a majority of the Caucus, he cannot compel the resignation of a Minister who either proves to be incompetent, or who assumes a defiant attitude towards his nominal chief. At the present time, as before mentioned, the Federal Ministry is a distinctly unhappy family, and to its internal feuds, the chief causes of which will be referred to later, is to be attributed the unedifying spectacle which the Federal

Parliament has recently presented for the amusement, or exasperation, of the Australian people.

From the rather ignoble point of view of party expediency it must be allowed that the Caucus system offers certain advantages. It ensures unity of legislative action, for every measure approved by a majority of the members of the Caucus must receive the full support of the party when presented to Parliament. It enforces a rigorous discipline, and suppresses individuality and independence. The Labour member is bound hand and foot—and tongue—by pledges which he cannot break except under peril of political ostracism. Before being nominated as a candidate for election he must take a pledge of passive obedience to the mandates of the small group of wire-pullers who control the party machine. He must bind himself, also, if elected, to support with his vote any measure approved by a majority of the Caucus. He is thus doubly enslaved. He must place both his judgment and his conscience at the disposal of the majority of his fellow-members; and if any legislative proposal or administrative innovation meets with their approval, he must support it, no matter how repugnant it may be to him on moral or rational grounds. He may, of course, state his objections with freedom and vigour in the Caucus chamber, but, if out-voted there, he must either submit or resign. Unless he has the courage to adopt the latter alternative, his constituents and the public generally remain in ignorance of his attitude, since the deliberations of the Caucus are secret. The system, then, is fundamentally immoral, since it entirely subordinates conviction and sincerity to party interest.

In its constitutional aspects, too, government by Caucus is open to grave censure. It converts the nominal representative of a constituency into the tool of a party, and at times makes him act in a manner directly opposed to the wishes of his own constituents. For instance, the Labour member elected by a country constituency is often obliged to support legislation, especially in connection with the tariff, intended to benefit urban at the expense of rural interests, since the majority of Labour members are returned by city voters. Further, besides destroying individual responsibility and thus conflicting with the first principle of representative government,

CAUCUS GOVERNMENT IN AUSTRALIA

Caucus rule enables a small minority in Parliament to dominate the majority. At the present time the Federal Legislature in Australia consists of 75 members of the House of Representatives and 36 Senators. In the Chamber first mentioned the Labour Party counts 47 adherents, but in the Senate it has only 7. Out of a total of 111 legislators, therefore, the supporters of the present Government number only 54, or less than half the total Parliamentary personnel. Of the 54 Labour members, 28 constitute a bare majority, and this small fraction of the total number of legislators is able to dictate orders to the Government. Labour Senators, being in a minute minority in the Caucus, are utterly impotent to fulfil their chief function, that of protecting the rights of the States they represent. Indeed, the majority in the Caucus treats the Senate (whose abolition is a prominent feature in the Labour political programme) with the utmost contempt; although, unlike any other Second Chamber in the world, the Australian Senate is directly elected on the same conditions as to franchise and qualifications for membership as the House of Representatives. There are indications, however, that the despised Chamber is not disposed to accept more kicks from Caucus politicians in a meek spirit, and a collision between the Nationalist majority in the Senate and the Labour majority in the House of Representatives cannot be long deferred.

In the sphere of administration as well as legislation the Caucus finds ample opportunities for exercising its powers of mischief. Since the present Federal Government assumed office, changes of a far-reaching kind have been effected solely by administrative action, and without Parliamentary sanction. Knowing that the Senate would not consent to eliminate the clauses in the Defence Act rendering military service compulsory, the Government, in obedience to the dictates of the Caucus, simply suspended them. Both the military and the naval forces have been greatly weakened solely by executive action, for the Labour Party preaches pacifism abroad while it practises militarism at home. In deference to the demands of the Waterside Workers' Union, certain salient provisions contained in the Transport Workers' Act passed by the last Parliament were

allowed to lapse and preference of employment was restored to unionists. In imitation of the example set by the last of the Stuart Kings in England, King Caucus in Australia claims and exercises a dispensing power, and treats as non-existent laws which it objects to, but cannot repeal.

In the domain of external policy, too, the same arrogant potentate rudely interferes and sometimes shakes a fist but indifferently mailed in the faces of foreign nations. Not long ago the Federal Government brusquely refused to grant a single one of several reasonable requests officially made by the Chinese Consul-General for the removal of certain disabilities imposed on his countrymen in Australia. More recently about 150 Italians were denied the right of landing there, although apparently they had received no previous warning that they would not be admitted to the Commonwealth. This arbitrary act must have a very bad effect on public opinion in Italy, a country whose people are peculiarly sensitive to affronts. Some years ago a powerful trade union in Northern Queensland attempted to ruin a number of Italian cane-growers there by refusing to handle their produce, an incident which evoked a forcible and successful protest from the official representative of the Italian Government. The fact that a Labour Ministry in Australia, under present conditions, is the helpless slave of the trade-unionist hierarchy is a positive danger to the country; for the obscure controllers of the foreign, as well as domestic, policy of the Commonwealth, by treating powerful foreign Governments with all the arrogance of ignorance, might at any time bring about a situation both delicate and dangerous. Trade unionism as a political force causes trouble enough at home. It threatens, unless soon restrained, to work even greater mischief abroad. No country, in these critical times particularly, can safely entrust the guidance of its domestic and foreign policy to a secret, irresponsible camarilla, the minds of whose members are saturated with class antipathies and racial prejudices.

It is fortunate for the people of Australia that acute differences now rage in the ranks of the Labour Party. These, as before mentioned, have for a time paralysed the legislative activities of the Government. Although

close secrecy is maintained as to the proceedings of the Caucus, it is well known that the latter is split into two factions, the one embracing the moderate members and the other the extremists. To the former belong the majority of the Government, including the Acting-Prime Minister and Acting-Treasurer;* while among the latter are ranged at least two Ministers and the ex-Treasurer, Mr. Theodore. So far, the extremists have gained the upper hand, largely owing to the unfortunate results of the recent elections in New South Wales. Nearly all of the Labour members of the Caucus from the State just mentioned are staunch disciples of Mr. Lang, and some are closely connected with the Communist movement. The two main questions, largely inter-dependent, which caused an open breach both in the Caucus and the Ministry were those of finance and unemployment. Finding that, as in Great Britain, the advent of Labour to office in Australia had been followed by an alarming increase of unemployment, the extreme section of the party raised a loud clamour for the adoption of drastic measures to meet the situation. The chief of these was euphemistically called the " release of credits " to the extent of not less than £20,000,000 with a view to enabling the Government to start extensive relief works. The proposal, of course, amounted to a demand that inflation on a large scale should be resorted to. Instead of loaves, the hungry unemployed were to be regaled, not on stones, but on paper. The folly as well as immorality of this method of meeting the country's difficulties was forcibly pointed out to the Labour insurgents by the Acting-Treasurer and other sensible members of the party, but after a desperate resistance the upholders of sound finance were overcome, and the fact is now known that the inflationists obtained a large majority in the crucial division in the Caucus room. The Government was instructed to compel the Commonwealth Bank to make the necessary funds available. Happily, however, compulsion was impossible, for the Board controlling the bank's activities is independent and non-political. It

* At the time of writing, December, the Prime Minister, Mr. Scullin, is absent from Australia. He is known, however, to hold moderate views, and it is hoped that on his return he will be able to tame the wild men of the Caucus.

cannot, as now constituted, be coerced, and any attempt by the Government to restrict its powers by legislation would at once be frustrated by the Senate. For the present, therefore, the people of Australia may feel safe from the peril of inflation. Another method of solving the unemployment problem will have to be found, and that speedily.

Unfortunately for the Government, it is debarred by its pre-election pledges from applying the only remedies which can cure Australia's present maladies. All economists and business men in the Commonwealth agree in declaring that no improvement can be expected until costs of production have been substantially lowered. A general reduction of wages to the extent of not less than 10 per cent. is essential to effect this. At a time when, owing chiefly to the heavy fall in the prices of all Australia's principal export commodities, the national income has declined by at least £70,000,000, obviously wages, salaries and profits cannot be maintained at the rates which prevailed during more prosperous years. Since all independent workers in the Commonwealth, primary producers, traders, professional men, and others, are now compelled to make heavy sacrifices, it is manifestly unfair that a single favoured class, the organized wage-earners, should be allowed to escape entirely. But since every Labour member of Parliament, including the Prime Minister and his colleagues, gave the most explicit assurances before the last General Election that the wages and conditions of the workers would be maintained unaltered, they are precluded from taking the necessary action. When the State Governments, burdened with deficits aggregating nearly £6,000,000 yearly on the working of their railways, approached the Arbitration Court a short time ago with requests for certain variations in the awards relating to the railway services, the Federal Government, to its shame, directly intervened to strengthen the resistance offered by the railwaymen's union.*

* In the year 1914, before the jurisdiction of the Federal Arbitration Court was extended to State instrumentalities, the cost of working the Australian railways was 4s. 9¼d. per train mile run. In 1929, owing mainly to the Court's awards raising wages and reducing hours of work, the cost was 10s. 9¼d. per train mile.

It has hitherto obstinately refused to reduce the wages and salaries of the rank and file of the Federal Civil Service, contenting itself with imposing a special tax on salaries exceeding £750 per annum. But so long as wages, taxes, pensions and costs of government generally remain at their present outrageously high level in Australia, economic recovery will be impossible.

An illustration or two may be given to show the grotesque anomalies of the present industrial position. The farmer, who receives now barely 2s. 6d. a bushel for his wheat, has to pay the lumper at the railway siding from 19s. to 23s.* a day for stacking it, and the waterside labourer from 3s. to no less than 9s. 9½d. per hour for removing it, in a leisurely fashion, from the wharf to the ship's hold. He has to pay heavy tribute, also, to the seaman and the railwayman. The shearer at the present rate, 32s. per 100 sheep shorn, can easily make wages of from £10 to £12 per week at the expense of the unfortunate sheep-owner, who is obliged now to accept less than half the amount he received for his wool a couple of years ago. Governments that provide relief works for unemployed trade unionists are required by law at present to pay each man the full basic wage of from 14s. to 15s. per day, and consequently, for lack of funds, have to leave many thousands of deserving men unprovided for. Members of trade unions themselves are now suffering from the consequences of their own past selfishness, for the "living wage" necessarily condemns multitudes of them to unemployment. Since they are forbidden by their officials to accept less than the full amount prescribed by judicial award, many of them are now compelled to look on while employers naturally give preference to non-unionists, who are willing to work for more moderate wages.

Were it possible, at one stroke, to cancel all the innumerable awards and regulations which now fetter industry in Australia, and sweep away all the wage-fixing tribunals there, a wonderful transformation would speedily follow. Wages and conditions of work would

* In some parts of Australia local Wages Boards or Arbitration Courts have awarded rates even higher than those prescribed by the Federal Tribunal.

adjust themselves to economic requirements, and employers and employees, who are now separated by legal barriers, would be allowed to meet and settle their differences amicably. Canada has set Australia an excellent example in the way of legislation intended to preserve industrial peace. Under the provisions of the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act now in force in the Dominion, whenever a dispute occurs the representatives of the employers and employees are required to meet in conference with a view to effecting an amicable settlement. Failing this, on the application of either of the parties, the Minister for Labour may appoint a board of conciliation consisting of three members. This body endeavours to bring the disputants to an agreement, and if it is successful, the terms agreed on become legally binding. Should the board fail to bring about a settlement, it prepares a report for the Minister, who has it published in all the leading newspapers so that public opinion may be fully informed concerning the facts of the dispute, and exercise pressure on the party considered to be mainly responsible for the trouble. There is neither compulsion nor litigation, and every care is taken to avoid causing unnecessary bitterness and antagonism between the disputants.

The difference between the results of this rational and simple system in Canada and the cumbrous and quite unworkable system long in nominal operation in Australia is remarkable. During the last twenty years 461 boards were established in Canada and in all but 37 cases strikes or lock-outs were averted or ended. Throughout the Dominion in 1927, in a population of 9,519,000 the total number of strikes or lock-outs was 79, directly involving 22,683 workers and a loss of 165,288 working days. Throughout Australia during the same year, in a population of 6,235,000, there were 441 strikes or lock-outs, directly involving 157,581 workers, with a loss of approximately 1,500,000 working days. The yearly cost to industry and the public in general in the Commonwealth of maintaining an army of highly-paid but singularly unsuccessful official peacemakers is stupendous. Two classes alone benefit through the operation of the industrial laws—lawyers and labour agitators.

Taking the sensible Canadian means to secure industrial peace, the country would recover.

Moral regeneration would accompany economic improvement, and the worker, freed from pernicious political and judicial interference, would learn to appreciate the homely truth expressed in a line of an old Greek poet* quoted with approval by the wisest of ancient philosophers, which tells us that "the gods sell us all good things at the price of toil." Misled by crafty, self-seeking demagogues, he has during past years been deluded into the belief that those good things can be purchased with his vote. He is now being taught by adversity that economic laws are superior to Parliamentary statutes and judicial awards.

The position of the Commonwealth just now is that of a ship caught in a violent storm. To prevent disaster it is urgently necessary that sail should be shortened. Most of the crew, however, supported by several disloyal officers, refuse to take this necessary action, although the vessel is heeling over perilously. Some of the mutineers show a decided inclination to break into the spirit-room, and others to pillage the cargo. A few wiser than the rest point out to their fellows that, failing a speedy return to reason, either the ship must founder or the masts and rigging will be carried away. The bewildered passengers join in these exhortations, so far, unfortunately, without effect. General confusion and indiscipline prevail, when there is most urgent need for vigorous measures to restore stability.

The statesmen of the Caucus, which in itself is but the legislative instrument of predatory trade unionism, obstinately insist that the worker's high standard of living must at all costs be maintained. In some miraculous manner a quart of material comfort must be extracted from a pint of production. Political thaumaturgists in Australia have so far proved unequal to the task assigned them, and their attempts to perform it would be amusing, were the position not so serious. They cannot, or will not, recognize the simple fact that what Australian industries need for their restoration to health is, not the bestowal of encouragements, but the removal of

* Epicharmus, quoted by Xenophon in the "Memorabilia."

discouragements. Industry, stretched on its uncomfortable bed by the legislative disciples of Procrustes, pleads only for freedom, but that is denied it.

The Federal Government now finds itself in a most embarrassing position. Without breaking its own promises and forfeiting the support of the two classes, the trade unionists and the civil servants, on whose votes it entirely depends, it cannot apply the remedial measures which the present crisis imperatively demands. The majority of its followers insist on the adoption of a financial policy which is practically impossible, and would be ruinous if it could be carried into effect. The Senate, as now constituted, would certainly not allow any extensive inflation of the currency. Some way out of the impasse will have to be found when the Prime Minister returns. His personal influence possibly may induce the Caucus to assume a more moderate attitude, but this is uncertain. Should the majority of the Labour Party maintain its present attitude, either the moderate section may break away and form a coalition with the Nationalist and Country parties, or the Senate may be asked to pass the legislation necessary for the carrying out of the financial proposals of the Caucus. In the latter event a conflict between the two Chambers followed by a double dissolution would seem inevitable. In view of the fact that both Senate and House of Representatives are elected on exactly the same franchise, it may be taken for granted that the party which gained a majority in the one Chamber would also gain a majority in the other. Finality at least would thus be attained. So acute are the differences, not only between the two chief parties in the present Parliament, but also between two sections of the party now in power, that in any case an early appeal to the people can hardly be avoided. That the result of such an appeal, the most fateful the Commonwealth has yet known, may be the overthrow of the baneful tyranny of the Caucus, and the restoration of freedom and good government in Australia, every patriotic Australian and citizen of the Empire must earnestly desire.

Unemployment

By C. M. Lewis

THE prevalent belief that the present wave of depression affecting the industries, and particularly the exporting industries, of Great Britain is a passing phase is based on flimsy foundations. The more this expectation is examined, the clearer does it become that the wish is father to the thought and that the mental background is more emotional than rational. That previous depressions in trade have been cyclic and transient has little or no bearing on our present troubles, because vital conditions have altered. Formerly, in times of bad trade and falling prices, wage rates were also reduced in conformity. Lower wage rates gave lower costs, which were handed on to the consumer in lower prices, under the stimulation of which demand revived and industry recovered prosperity. In those days there was an elasticity in the British economic system, which in bending to the storm prepared the way for future revival. For example, the wage rates in the coal trade were governed by a sliding scale. They rose and fell with the international price of coal. This sensible arrangement has been terminated. Labour no longer yields to the necessities of the times. Rigid minimum wage rates have supplanted the more supple system of the Victorians. Since the return to the gold standard in 1925, although the cost of living has been progressively and substantially reduced, and although industry visibly sinks under the burden of high costs, Labour stubbornly refuses concessions. The trade of the nation, the revenue of the State, the prices of commodities, the earnings of capital, the dividends of the shareholders, all suffer reductions. In short, everything gives way except Labour. So far is Labour from co-operating in cost reduction that at the last Trade Union Congress seven unions put down resolutions in favour of a shorter working day and three proposed holidays with pay. Should fresh armies of workmen be thrown out of work as the penalty of obduracy, the tax-

payers will be compelled through the Insurance Acts to compensate them for loss of employment.

To predict an easy and rapid passage through present industrial troubles upon the analogy of former experience and, at the same time, to ignore the wholly different attitude of Labour and the new fact of the Insurance Acts, is to proceed upon unsound data and to encourage hopes doomed to disappointment. If it is possible to predict anything, it is safe to prophesy with a fair degree of certainty that the existing slump in trade has come to stay and will continue until its causes are removed. So long as no genuine effort is officially made to discover and publish these, notwithstanding their unpopular flavour, or to apply the still more unpalatable remedy, so long are industrial affairs likely to wear their unpromising aspect. And if the ears of democracy must not be offended by unpleasing counsel or their stomachs by corrective medicine, then the outlook is dark indeed.

However distasteful a ruthless investigation might be, the causes of unemployment are clearly discernible and can be succinctly stated. If the price demanded for any commodity is above the market price—that is, the price determined by free competition—then the invariable result is that a proportion of the total quantity of that commodity which is offered for sale will remain unsold. Every village grocer is aware of that proposition, and conducts his every-day business in accordance with it. Precisely the same principles are applicable to the commodity Labour. If the prices demanded for Labour, i.e. wage rates, are higher than the economic or free-market price, then a proportion of the total number of workmen offering their labour for hire will fail to find employment. This simple explanation cannot be controverted, and affords to-day, as it has done ever since unemployment became a serious problem, a complete and unanswerable statement of its causes.

Viewed from the angle of the international market, the conclusion is the same. The International Labour Bureau reports that the level of real wages in most Continental countries is about one-half of the British. And a recent report sent in to the Economic Advisory Council upon the Iron and Steel Trades in France,

Luxemburg and Belgium reveals the fact that, while equipment in those countries is equal to our own, the wage level is very much lower and trade union restrictions upon production are entirely absent. So long as industrial equipment abroad lagged behind ours, as no doubt it did up to the outbreak of the war, it was possible to maintain a wage level in this country considerably higher than our competitors. But with equal equipment, the advantage of lower labour costs is bound to prove decisive. The international buyer, repelled by the relative costliness of British products, turns to cheaper sources of supply, and may be expected to do so as long as the remedy of reduced labour costs in this country is withheld.

If the foregoing statement offers the correct diagnosis of the disease of unemployment, it follows that the two millions now out of work are condemned to that situation by reason of the economically excessive wage rates demanded and received by the ten millions or so who are still in employment. When it is added that the two millions are recruited from the relatively weakly, infirm, maimed and diseased and that their misfortunes are being exploited to maintain the earnings of the relatively strong and efficient at artificially high levels, it becomes difficult to defend the morality of the Labour attitude. And when it is recollected that the Labour Party pretends to exist for the express purpose of protecting and succouring the underdog, the contrast between pretension and performance becomes strikingly manifest.

It is possible that, in reply to that accusation, the Labour Party can successfully plead economic ignorance, but that defence is scarcely open to the governing classes, who, having freely accepted the honours and emoluments of the State in the past, are now allowing the nation to drift without warning or leadership into an economic debacle. What, then, should be the policy which the ideal leader would recommend to the British people? It would correspond closely with the advice given by Sir Otto Niemeyer to Australia.

There seems little escape from the conclusion that in recent years Australian standards have been pushed too high relatively to Australian productivity and to general world conditions and tendencies.

If Australia does not face that issue, she will not be able to keep even those standards which she might hope to carry by taking timely action.

These exhortations apply with even greater force to Great Britain, because of the higher complexity of her economic system, her greater dependence upon export trade and her greater concentration of population.

According to the New York correspondent of the *Times,* the high wages and consumer credit philosophy which was born in America and has held sway there for some years is now in process of being discredited. Employers, notwithstanding the President's Sunshine Conference, no longer profess confidence in the doctrine of high wages as the *sine qua non* of prosperity. German Labour continues to accept drastic and comprehensive cuts in wage rates—in contrast with the intransigeance of British Labour.

The time has come for sacrifices from all classes in Great Britain and a national readjustment to lower standards more closely related to those which prevail on the Continent. Such a policy might appear too distasteful to the electorate to come within practical politics. Nevertheless, it would secure the substantial compensations of lower retail prices and full employment, and the compelling alternative is in the pleasant phrase of Sir Oswald Mosley " a slow crumbling into ruin."

A Policy for Agriculture

By B. W. H. Pratt

In any exploration into the economic causes of the present crisis in our industrial position, one is immediately faced with the fact that though, as compared with the pre-war years, the population has, if but slightly, increased, production of our national wealth, whether for export or for home consumption, has materially decreased. As a nation, we possess a population, chiefly industrial, so large that we must to a great extent be dependent for our main supplies of food on extra-territorial sources. The payment for these imports by exports has, in the past, not been difficult. By reason of our vast natural resources of coal and iron, and a free market for our products throughout the world, for which, also, there was always an adequate demand, we were able to create a favourable trade balance beyond the needs of import payments, which were comparatively small. We were able, also, steadily to build up the wealth of the country to the extent obtaining before the war. In this wealth-creative process a very large share was contributed by agriculture. In 1875, for instance, there were produced in the United Kingdom cereal crops alone to the value of £80 millions; but this value has now shrunk to about £20 millions.

Much national wealth, however, was dissipated during the war in extra-territorial payments for war material and equipment and in maintaining our armies overseas. Further, production of exportable wealth practically ceased during the years of the war, and production for our own use was limited, as far as possible, to that of war material and equipment which were, of course, utilized with no resultant economic benefit.

We are therefore faced, not merely with the necessity of restoring the wealth which was destroyed as a result of the war, but of making good the under-production necessitated by our pre-occupation in war affairs during those years. In striving to that end there are two possible courses to be considered. Either we must export more,

or we must import less by increasing our production of supplies for home consumption.

Any material increase in exports is, for the present, hardly to be expected. In our competition for trade in the markets of the world we are almost everywhere confronted by insurmountable tariff walls erected by our former customers in an attempt to protect their own industries. Even where the tariffs are not prohibitive, we are suffering from such disadvantages of crippling taxation and burdensome rates, of comparatively high wages and shorter working hours—possibly from a too sudden reversion to the gold standard—that our costs of production render it impossible for us to compete with success.

It is, however, in the direction of decreasing the volume of our imports that the prospects of readjusting our adverse balance of trade are most encouraging. In studying this possibility the imports of agricultural produce seem to offer a more promising field for fruitful investigation. We are to-day importing foreign butter to a value of approximately £32 millions; of foreign pig-products £46 millions; and of foreign eggs £18 millions, whereas the value of our home products under these headings do but amount respectively to £5½, £26, and £10 millions. There seems no valid reason why we should not be able to produce the whole of these imports ourselves, except that the necessary inducement is lacking.

The financial extent of this inducement is not so important as security of market—the ability to sell our produce at a fair, stabilized price. Given this, as regards pig and dairy products, and the farmer would at once become independent of world-prices for his cereal crops. For he would be enabled to consume the whole, with advantage, on the farm, and thus save the middleman's profit. Taking the 100-acre farm as a unit, the saving, in this respect, would probably amount to as much as £250 yearly. The land, too, would be maintained in a high state of fertility by reason of a greater availability of farmyard manure, thus ensuring heavier yields.

At the beginning, at any rate, a subsidy would probably be necessary. And I would suggest 2d. per

lb. on pig-products and 4d. per lb. on butter. At these rates there is little doubt that production would be suitably encouraged and we should shortly be independent of foreign supplies. The importance of these added resources, of both cereals and cattle, in time of war, need hardly be stressed.

It may, possibly, be argued that there is nothing in all this that is likely to benefit the large-scale arable farmer, such as is to be found over a great part of Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, and the East Riding of Yorkshire. Here, it is true, the proportion of arable is such that it might be found impracticable to consume all cereals produced on the farm. I should, however, in this connection like to suggest that an added cost of ½d. per 2-lb. loaf, which might be contributed in equal proportions by the public and the miller or baker, would be sufficient to pay the farmer a subsidy of 20s. per coomb, with the proportion of home-grown flour utilized in the making of the loaf regulated in accordance with the policy of a "quota" which has been put forward by the Conservative Party. A coomb of wheat may be taken as the equivalent in flour of 184 lbs., or approximately 118 2-lb. loaves. If, therefore, the loaf were made entirely of home-grown wheat, a subsidy of 20s. per coomb, for example, would thus amount approximately to 2d. per 2-lb. loaf. The proportion of home-grown wheat usually utilized, however, only amounts approximately to one-eighth of the requirements of the loaf. So that the subsidy of 20s. in the example given would be the equivalent of one farthing per 2-lb. loaf, or under the "quota" system, which provides for a percentage of 20 per cent. of home-grown flour as against 13 per cent., less than ½d. per loaf. A subsidy of 15s., moreover, would at the present time probably be found sufficient to raise the price of wheat to an economic level.

Could this contribution be considered excessive, or unreasonable, in view of its undoubted repercussion on the state of unemployment, or as an insurance against a shortage of food in time of war? It is, furthermore, a policy which has already been put into effect by the French Government. The producer cannot be expected indefinitely to continue growing wheat at a loss!

It may, again, be argued that English wheat is not all suitable for bread-making purposes. It is, however, pre-eminently suitable for biscuit-making and when prices are examined, it is difficult to believe that the grower could not be suitably recompensed without making too great an inroad on the profits of the biscuit manufacturers.

I will come now to the cost of the general scheme. Ruling out from our calculations all supplies from the Dominions, with which, I think, we need not interfere, a subsidy of 2d. per lb. on all foreign and internal supplies of pig-products would amount to £8 millions. A subsidy of 4d. per lb. on butter, likewise, would amount to £13 millions, or a total of £21 millions.

Against this there would be an annual increase in value of agricultural products, under these headings, of approximately £80 millions, whilst the greater fertility of the land, due to more intensive stocking, might well increase this figure to £100 millions. It has, in fact, been estimated by competent authorities that we could increase the value of our agricultural produce by some £250 millions and find additional employment for 1,000,000 men. An appreciable stimulus would be given to trade by the increased purchasing power of the agricultural community and by the circulation of so much added wealth, at present expended outside the country. There would also be a material increase in the supply of financial credit within the country, enabling maturing Government loans to be replaced by lower interest-bearing securities; a reduction of 1 per cent. effecting a saving of £70 millions in interest. There would be a large decrease in unemployment and consequent saving on unemployment relief.

Instead of a constant efflux of the rural population to the towns there would be an influx from the towns to operate the bacon and butter factories which would be necessary for dealing with the increased supplies. Before the scheme could be put into operation, too, large bodies of men would be needed for the erection of the factories, for building pig-styes, cow-houses and yards, and employment would be created for the supply of the material.

The benefits accruing from the successful operation of such a scheme might be summarized as follows :—

1. The restoration of the agricultural industry to prosperity.

2. The retention of much agricultural land under the plough which is being rapidly laid down to grass.

3. Considerable saving in unemployment pay, running to many millions of pounds, by virtue directly of increased employment in the industry itself. And indirectly by the stimulus given to trade generally by the increased purchasing power of the agricultural community and the circulation of so much added wealth throughout the country.

4. Largely increased revenue returns operating, both directly and indirectly, on a wider basis of taxation.

5. A greater abundance of credit for the needs of industry.

6. A possible lowering of the rate of interest on Government securities, a reduction of but 1 per cent. effecting a saving of £70 millions yearly.

7. A greater average standard of health by the attraction to the countryside of the urban dwellers for the operation of the butter and bacon factories and for the increased labour on the farms which would be required.

8. Greatly augmented supplies of food available in case of war.

Notes from Paris

By Roland Atkinson

Transient Ministries.—One begins to fear that we have returned to one of those periods—not infrequent in French politics—when there is scarcely time for a commentator to make a Cabinet's characteristics known to distant readers before it has been thrown overboard and replaced by another of equally unstable elements. Just before it fell in December, M. Tardieu's Ministry had acquired a look of substance, almost permanence, but then came the stab in the back from the Senate, one of the most active with the stilettos being M. Victor Boret. This led to the formation of a strange combination headed by M. Théodore Steeg, who has been a figure in Paris politics for very many years without ever being thought a possible Prime Minister. M. Victor Boret, of course, secured the portfolio he had earned over M. Tardieu's dead body.

Misplaced Zeal.—But M. Boret, unfortunately for himself and his new colleagues, suffered from a bout of over-confidence. He imagined himself in such security that he could favour his friends the corn-dealers by a policy of higher prices for wheat. This was excellent for a Minister of Agriculture, but M. Boret forgot that it takes many Ministers to make a Cabinet and that some of them have to look after interests quite opposed to those of corn-dealers. So M. Steeg's Cabinet had to go before we had had time to have a proper look at it. There was not much regret about its departure and everybody felt it most fitting that it was M. Boret who had brought about its downfall, after the unpleasant tactics he had employed on its predecessor.

The Laval Cabinet.—Well, this unusual outburst of activity on the part of M. Boret, not hitherto prominent as a Warwick, led to the formation of a Cabinet by M. Pierre Laval, another politician who seemed destined—and willing—to figure among the good lieutenants rather than among the captains. M. Laval had never given any sign that he wished some day to be Premier and it is

doubtful if he did. For one thing, he had friends in too many camps. He is one of many French politicians who have started on the Left and moved over towards the Right as they " got on." But while most of them burned their boats at the various stream-crossings, M. Laval has remained the friend of everybody. Obviously he would be the ideal man to head a coalition ministry, but this Chamber will not hear of a coalition ministry, though it would permit necessary work to be undertaken with better prospects of success.

Distinguished Colleagues.—When M. Laval included in his Cabinet M. Tardieu and M. Briand, the general comment was that it was these two who would shape the policy, just as if it were the Tardieu-Briand Cabinet brought to life again. Even the fact that M. Tardieu chose the generally obscure post of Minister of Agriculture did nothing to diminish the impression. In fact, it was thought he was leaving himself plenty of free time for manœuvres. And M. Laval rather strengthened the common belief on his earliest appearances before the Chamber as a Premier laying down the lines his Cabinet would follow. He seemed somewhat nervous, as if he felt overshadowed by his more famous colleagues. Anyhow, he has successfully conveyed the impression that he will employ non-party tactics and keep off controversial issues to the extreme limit of possibilities.

Right and Left Problems.—That, of course, would be the ideal way out of the present difficulties if all the French Deputies were cast in the same conciliatory mould as M. Laval. But it so happens that he is quite an exception. I doubt if there are half a dozen like him in the whole Chamber. Consequently his well-intentioned attempt to please two-thirds of the House is doomed to disappointment and failure. He will be compelled to choose the Right of the two almost equally balanced wings of the Chamber, and as the units of this wing have never shown themselves good tacticians, they will probably force him to embark on something that the Left will use their full strength to prevent. M. Laval will be lucky if he can stave off such a conflict till he has got the Budget through next month. And after that he may be fighting for his life every day the Chamber meets.

The diffident new Premier's best hope of a fairly long life lies in the fact that the Radicals and Socialists do not know what to do with the limited amount of strength which is at their call. That is, they cannot make out whether it would pay them better to remain in opposition or, every now and again, secure office—only to be turned out after a few weeks of futility. The kernel of the matter is that the whole of French politics is now governed by next year's general elections, each wing being far more concerned with manœuvring a majority in the next Chamber than in producing any legislation in the existing Chamber. Each side has the desire to be in office just before the elections, this privileged position procuring an electoral advantage of at least 25 per cent. in France.

Muddlers of the Right.—Now the recent experience of the Steeg Ministry has shown the Radicals that, when they combine with the Socialists, they can attract a sufficient number of "Saxons" from wobblers of the Centre to bring down a Right Wing Cabinet; but once in office themselves, they cannot collect enough additional strength to hold on to power. The Right wing has always a sufficient margin to unseat them, although the balance is not enough to enable that section itself to carry on with government comfortably. In the "jockeying" for the best electoral situation the Right wing is slightly better placed by reason of numbers, but this is almost nullified because it consists of inferior tacticians who never know when to let well alone. If, while the Radicals are virtually helpless from weakness of numbers, these muddlers of the Right would refrain from being provocative, they might quite possibly be able to hold fast to the substance of office till election time.

The Oustric Inquiry.—Radicals and Socialists had imagined they had created an electioneering advantage when they demanded a Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry into the politico-financial aspects of the Oustric scandal, but the deeper the Commission has carried its investigations, the more it has involved politicians of the Left. Probably the Radicals are now very sorry they showed such eagerness to turn on the limelight. Anyhow, in the later stages it was they who showed the greater desire for the inquiry to be speedily wound up.

As an electioneering aid, the Oustric inquiry has proved helpful to neither side. It has merely sickened the French public still more of a certain type of politician.

Unemployment as a Weapon.—Now the Socialists, who possess the greatest initiative as tacticians, look as though they might try to use unemployment as a weapon of attack on M. Laval's Ministry. They insinuate that the Government is endeavouring to conceal the extent to which it has recently spread in France. That it is now threatening to become serious there is no doubt. But it is improbable that the Government knows as much of the facts in detail as individual trade union officials, for there is no system of collecting statistics such as exists in Britain. The official spokesman of France at Geneva placed the figure of partially unemployed—the more serious aspect in France—at a million, but a member of the Cabinet speaking in the Chamber gave it as 400,000. With such disparity of opinion it is hard to get to grips. More definite information will be needed. The only solid fact is that French trade is unquestionably suffering, and particularly round about Paris.

Canada and World Depression

By Sir Henry W. Thornton, K.B.E.

(President, Canadian National Railways.)

IT is rather difficult to comment upon or to review conditions in Canada during the past twelve months without going much farther afield, for the Dominion has naturally suffered from a business depression in common with other countries with whom she must trade, and present indications are that Canada cannot well look for very much improvement until it occurs also in these other countries.

The stock market debacle left its mark on Canadian business as it did on the business outlook of the United States and other countries. There was a general let-down of production, due in large measure, however, to an earlier period of post-war over-production, and I believe it was necessary that such a readjustment should come. I do not, however, see any reason to look toward the future with gloom. No country can hope to overcome in one day such conditions as have obtained during the past year, but it does appear at the present time that Canada has touched bottom and will move steadily along toward recovery. We must wait, however, for improvement in the countries to which we look as purchasers for the goods which we produce, and the attitude I think we should take is one of courage with prudence.

There is no reason for alarm concerning Canada. It has not been necessary to disrupt organizations in this country because of the slump, and when the recovery, which is certain to come, does get under way, Canada will be in a position to make the best of her opportunities. Her people have been fortunate in that they have suffered probably less than those of any other country during the recent depression; her resources are still awaiting development to a very large extent, and her sources of wealth are unimpaired. When the demand comes with recovery of the countries to which Canada looks for her markets that demand is likely to be on a larger scale, even, than that to which we have been accustomed.

Canada ranks high among the countries of the world as a producer of wheat and other farm, orchard and dairy products; paper, lumber and products of the forest; fresh and cured canned fish; farm implements and automobiles, and the various metals, such as zinc, nickel, asbestos and gold. The demand for all of these products

is susceptible to and dependent upon conditions in foreign countries, and it is important to remember that her resources are capable of vastly greater development than has yet been successfully carried on.

Both our sales to the principal market countries abroad, Great Britain and United States, and our purchases from these countries, showed a substantial decrease during the twelve months ended September 30, as compared with the like period of the previous year. Because of changing tariffs and other conditions it would probably be unwise for anyone to anticipate just what may be expected in the matter of foreign trade within the coming year, but we can safely feel that as conditions improve in these other countries, there will be at least equal, if not greater, improvement in conditions in Canada.

The Canadian National Railways have continued to extend their lines along the programme which was laid down before the depression began to have its effect, and have improved also their equipment and different phases of their service to the shipping and travelling public which uses them. Important trains have been speeded up, notably the International Limited, which, now making the 334 miles between Montreal and Toronto in 360 minutes, including stops, has become the fastest train in the world over a like distance of railroad. Similarly, the time of travel between Eastern and Western Canada has been appreciably reduced, as also has the time required for the journey between Montreal and Halifax and other points in the Maritime Provinces. While the National System has increased the speed of its trains, it has also improved the facilities, conveniences and comforts for passengers on these trains.

One of the outstanding developments in the history of railroad communication, which attracted wondering comment from the world at large, was the inauguration, first between Montreal and Toronto, of two-way telephone communication to and from a moving train. This development has removed the final " blind spot " in communication, and since its inception has made it possible for the business man, travelling on an all-steel train at the rate of sixty miles an hour or more, to talk directly with his office forces, or with anyone at any of the millions of telephone instruments which are found on this and other continents. By the inauguration of this train-telephone service passengers on the train

were able to converse with people in cities far removed from Canada, and trans-Atlantic conversation between the speeding train and an office in London, England, was then, and has since been, conducted with a facility equal to that which applies in one's own city.

There had previously been train telephones, and in Germany the feasibility of one-way train telephone conversation had been established, but the system installed on the Canadian National trains is the first in the world which has made a regular two-way—question and answer—conversation between train and land station possible. Such a convenience was not developed, of course, without much study and many experiments, for it was necessary to combine the telephone with radio broadcasting in order to attain success.

In the facilities afforded to passengers on the trains improvement has also been brought about during the year. New equipment giving added comforts and conveniences to the traveller has been brought into service, and as a result, to the other comforts which are provided have been added baths, a barber's shop, and gymnasium appliances, which were introduced in Canada as part of the regular service, with the addition of the new lounge-cars to famous trains.

So that there might be even more efficient operations of trains on which these new facilities were placed, Motive Power Department officers have been constantly engaged in the study and development of locomotives. During the year was added a more powerful type of locomotive for high-speed passenger service in the Hudson type, known as the 5700 class, which with eighty-inch driving wheels, the largest ever cast in Canada, has no difficulty in maintaining a speed of more than eighty miles an hour, with a maximum tractive effort of 53,300 pounds. These locomotives possess many features of design and construction new to Canadian engines, and they are the result of care and study which is constantly being carried on to ensure that Canadians shall have at their service the best motive power, as in all other equipment, which can be secured.

The branch-line construction programme of the Canadian National Railways called for the grading of 269 miles during 1930, the laying of 205 miles of steel and the ballasting of 257 miles. Heavier steel was laid on a mileage of 886 miles of existing line, and a great deal

of ballasting work was carried out. New equipment in the way of cars and locomotives ordered and delivered during the year included 71 locomotives, 6 oil-electric cars, 4,500 box-cars, as well as large numbers of tank cars refrigerator cars, flat cars and other freight train equipment, and dining, lounge, sleeping and other cars for passenger train service.

The Company's fleet has been extended with the bringing into service during the year of the " Prince Henry " and " Prince David," which have been placed on the Pacific Coast services, while the " Prince Robert," designed for Pacific Coast service, has recently arrived from the builders' yards, and after being used this winter on cruise service between Canada, South America and British West Indies ports will go to the Pacific Coast for use there. The steamship service between the Pacific Coast ports has continued in successful operation, and the purchase of the three new vessels has permitted a resumption of the service between Vancouver, Victoria, and Seattle, which had previously been discontinued owing to the pressure of demands when the company opened its sea route between the Canadian ports and those of Alaska.

Growing business requirements between Canada and the West Indies ports have made it necessary to increase the passenger accommodation on the Canada-West Indies steamships, " Lady Nelson," " Lady Drake," " Lady Hawkins," " Lady Somers," and " Lady Rodney," and beginning with recent sailings, Boston has been added as a port of call, both north and south bound, with a view to securing a greater amount of the passenger business between the Eastern United States and the ports of the West Indies. Freight is not handled from this port, however, the calls being made for passengers only.

A most important development in speedier transportation which has taken place during the year came about with the participation of the Canadian National Railways in the air service development of Canada, by means of which passengers making lengthy journeys and desirous of saving as much time as possible on the way will be able to travel between certain points by the aircraft of the Canadian Airways Limited, in which the Canadian National System is now a partner. Thus

air service is made an important adjunct to railway transport between the different sections of Canada.

Telegraph, radio, express, colonization, and agriculture and industrial departments have all been actively engaged, whether in improving the facilities of communication, of delivery and handling of shipments, or seeking to assist the agriculturist in his work and methods of better production, or assisting industry in various ways. The Telegraph Department is constantly working on means to improve and speed up communication between the different parts of Canada, and is at present engaged upon a new carrier-current telegraph development which will permit the sending of a maximum of 12,000 words per minute over one pair of telegraph wires. Through its Express and other departments, the System seeks to improve the facilities for rapid shipment of goods between points in Canada and between Canada and other countries, while the Industrial Department is performing a valuable service to industries in assisting them to secure suitable sites, near their source of supply if possible, and, at the same time, at places where the machinery of rapid distribution will be readily available to them.

Canada has come through a difficult year, the world's wheat marketing situation having contributed to these difficulties to no little extent, but it does appear that at last the bottom has been reached and that, while improvement will not come overnight, such recovery is inevitable. As I have said, Canada stands on the verge of that recovery, her sources of wealth unimpaired. Her man-power is strong and virile, a people which has shown in the past that it can and does bear up under adversity and is ready to take advantage of improved conditions when they come. Her resources are capable of much greater development than has yet taken place; all in all, therefore, I cannot see the slightest need for pessimism as regards this great Dominion. With an improvement in world conditions, for which we can reasonably hope in the not too distant future, there will come perhaps even greater improvement in Canada, who still retains her place in the sun as one of the great and growing nations comprising what we are proud to refer to as the British Empire, on whose flag the sun never sets.

The Aeroplane versus the Man-of-War

By the late Air Commodore C. R. Samson, D.S.O.

(This article, the last written by Air Commodore Samson, was received a few days before his death on February 5.)

IT is surely unnecessary to stress the importance of the protection of our trade routes, as every citizen is aware of this vital factor in our lives. Some time ago I attempted to demonstrate the helpless state to which our merchant shipping would be reduced in the case of war, and the interest displayed abroad in the article proves that it is high time some attention was paid to the subject. A recent lecture at the Royal United Service Institution provided evidence that the naval mind was beginning to consider the situation, and we can only hope that serious steps will be taken to reorganize our whole system of merchant shipping protection—especially in the Mediterranean, that open track which passes below the hillsides. The important question of protection by our fighting force is one of the first points to consider, as without a proper appreciation of the circumstances a false perspective will be obtained, and the results will be hopelessly confused.

It is essential to investigate carefully the actual combat between a fighting ship and an aeroplane, whether it be an aeroplane pure and simple, a seaplane, or flying-boat; for all intents and purposes these different types can be taken as instruments of warfare with much the same underlying characteristics, however each type differs in operation.

The aeroplane can carry a certain load of warlike material which depends on the design of the actual machine and the method of stowage employed. In other words, the aeroplane is designed to fly at a certain maximum fixed weight which permits of the "disposable" load being utilized either for fuel or offensive armament; thus it can be understood that the weight, say, of bombs that can be taken into the air by a certain

aeroplane depends upon the distance of the flight in question.

There are certain other factors that must be taken into consideration, such as the method of stowage of the bombs, position of the take-off ground in relation to high ground that intervenes between the take-off and the objective, and the actual altitude of the take-off ground itself; also the density of the air. This last is, of course, an important point, as anyone familiar with the difference in performance of an aeroplane in Egypt, for instance, as compared with England, is well aware; but, as a general rule, it can be taken that the less weight of fuel carried, the greater can be the warlike load.

This war load can be either bombs, torpedoes, gas or guns. At the present time the Navy pay distinctly more attention to the possibilities of aeroplane torpedo attack than the others, and therefore I propose to discuss this first without divulging anything that is of a confidential nature.

Many have witnessed an aerial torpedo attack on the Fleet, especially those who live near the Solent, and photographs of aeroplanes carrying torpedoes have frequently appeared in the Press; in addition, foreign Powers have bought our specialist aeroplanes and the general principles of the attack are well understood.

The torpedo must be launched from the aeroplane when it is close to the surface of the sea and is itself heading in the correct line for the shot. Once it is sent off, there is no system by which it can be controlled from the aeroplane, although in these days of wireless control it would be a matter of little difficulty to devise some installation that could effect this; but whether it could ever become worth the extra weight and complication is another question.

The fact that the aeroplane has to descend to low altitude to make its attack immediately brings it into the classification of an average naval target, and it becomes a simple matter of range and deflection shooting without the embarrassments of altitude and course prediction. Thus the secondary and perchance even the primary armament of the ship can be brought into action against it, at what is point-blank range for naval artillery.

At first sight it looks as if the aeroplane had a hopeless task in face of this tremendous fire that can be developed, and the situation suggests one of those costly frontal attacks against a well-consolidated position.

Peace-time practices have all been in favour of the aeroplane, and, as a result of this, the Air mind has placed great reliance on the torpedo; many journalists have felt its contact against the hulls of warships.

War, although it will enable the ship to fire actual shells from its guns, will also allow the aeroplane the assistance that can be conferred by numbers, weather conditions, and co-operation with other aeroplanes, and it is as well to consider certain of these factors before placing undue reliance on the rapid and accurate fire developed from the ship.

Take weather conditions first. Low-lying clouds and mist are all in favour of the attacker; often the ship's range of vision is limited to a far greater extent than that of the aeroplane, and several times I have seen the masts of ships sticking out of the mist when unable to see the ship myself. This effect can, of course, be assisted by the preparation of smoke clouds produced by aeroplanes helping in the attack, although at times this artificial aid may be more of a hindrance than an aid.

Personally, I place greater reliance on a well-staged attack with the employment of a great number of aeroplanes of all types. If the comparatively short-ranged torpedo aeroplane can reach the position of the fleet or squadron, then it is an easy matter for the swifter and less heavily loaded bombers to do so. Briefly put, the attack will begin with bombing from high altitude; this will force the ships to expend a considerable amount of anti-aircraft ammunition, without considering the actual results of the bombs themselves; then, in close sequence to this overture, would arrive 200-mile-an-hour low-flying aeroplanes which would devote themselves to attack with machine guns and light bombs against the control positions and crews of the anti-aircraft guns. Other aeroplanes would lay smoke screens and then the torpedo attack would begin from any direction forward at about 60 degrees on either side of the ship's course. Feint attacks would complicate the defensive

manœuvres of the ships, and during the whole period the other aeroplanes would be assisting in the operation, which must surely end in a certain number of hits being scored, if, say, 40 or 50 torpedo aeroplanes are employed in the assault.

The question of the actual damage caused by a torpedo when it hits the underwater part of the ship is one that can only be answered by the naval architect, with some assistance from actual experiment; but that the torpedo can seriously affect the fighting capabilities of even the largest capital ship is probably true.

Very many of the torpedo aeroplanes will be brought down even before they have discharged their torpedoes, but probably half will get off their shots, though several will be destroyed as they are making their escape.

A large squadron of ships may succeed in beating off such an attack, but the average-sized cruiser squadron would, I suggest, suffer heavy loss, especially if it is assumed that the attack would be continued until the squadron had got out of the reach of the shore bases that were developing the attack, and in these days of long-range cruising powers possessed by aeroplanes, the base may be a matter of some hundreds of miles off, although the torpedo aeroplane itself is at present a short-range craft and fairly slow in comparison to other types.

To turn to the bomber, here we find that we have an aeroplane of high speed with large cruising radius, as even the old-fashioned Fairey IIIF can cruise for six hours at 115 miles an hour carrying a heavy bomb load—a performance in no way comparable to that of the Hart, which has a very high speed and great load-carrying powers. These aeroplanes can attack at well over the 150 mile an hour mark, and it will not be long before bombers are flying at 200 miles an hour.

Bomb-dropping is in its infancy, and great improvements can be made both in the stowage of the bombs, by employing the internal housing system, and by the development of the actual sighting instruments. Incidentally, high speed confers another advantage, additional safety in the case of low altitude attack. I am one of those who feel that, when the time comes, we shall have any number of pilots who will boldly attack

a war vessel from an altitude of 200 feet, and from this height what will be lost in penetration due to low velocity of impact will be gained in accuracy of aim. The bomb that explodes close to the hull of the ship below water may cause as much damage as the one that hits the deck; at least, this was the opinion held by certain authorities, although tests carried out a few years ago were not conclusive.

The actual effects of high explosive bombs that strike the upper deck or turrets of capital ships depend upon two factors: one, the penetration of the bomb before detonation, and the other, the amount of explosive it contains. The former is governed by the strength of the bomb case, and the velocity of impact, which varies with the height of release up to a terminal maximum velocity; the latter is purely a matter depending on the load-carrying powers of the aeroplane.

One day some method of providing initial velocity to the bomb will assist in the damage obtained by low altitude bomb-dropping, but even without this, bombs of 1,000 lbs. weight, which can be considered as quite feasible sizes to employ at the present day, will surely cause considerable damage to the largest ships, whilst against light cruisers and destroyers the results will seriously affect the fighting powers of the vessel. Taking into consideration what a 225-lb. bomb did to a German destroyer in the war, it seems reasonable to assume that a bomb four times as large will put a destroyer out of action.

To stow the 1,000-lb. bomb inside the fuselage of a high-speed, single-engine bomber is purely a question of design, and I feel certain that, if this requirement was demanded from the constructor, it would be met.

It is obvious that the outside bomb-rack is a distinct hindrance on a fast aeroplane and reduces the speed by many miles an hour owing to the extra head resistance it causes. It is extraordinary that the Air Ministry have been for many years content to carry on with such excrescences.

Against the attack of the bomber the ship can only defend itself with its special anti-aircraft artillery, and it is by no means certain that the percentage of hits

against fast aeroplanes will be very high; in fact, at speeds above 160 miles an hour, provided the aeroplane is properly handled during the attack, it will be purely a matter of luck if the gun scores a hit. Constant attack during the whole day will mean a great strain on the magazine capacity of even the largest ship, and there is not the slightest doubt that the aeroplanes will consider this question of ammunition supply and keep up a consistent attack, also making feint assaults with this object in view. Low altitude bombing cannot be driven off by any larger gun than the machine gun and even with the best drilled crews and multiple barrel weapons a converging attack of similar but improved type to that often seen at the R.A.F. display will be successful—of this there is not the slightest doubt. In some particulars the ship is in a better position than a ground target under similar circumstances, and one is that the masts and funnels will force the aeroplanes to keep above 200 feet, thus allowing the machine guns better chances of getting in shots, while the lack of cover for the approach and escape of the aeroplanes has to be considered. However, if they concentrate their attack on the bow and stern of the ship, this is not so important.

Perhaps this low altitude attack will bring back into fashion the old Navy fighting-top, which will form a platform for machine guns, as with weapons so mounted a far better field of fire is obtainable and the aeroplanes can be followed until out of range. Vibration due to the ship steaming at speed may reduce the shooting efficiency, but not to a sufficient extent to nullify the obvious advantages.

One thing that aeroplane attack achieves is to bring a large number of the crew outside armour-plate protection; thus the casualties to personnel will be large.

A squadron of warships can provide assistance to each other by the operation of some system of squadron control of gun fire against high altitude aeroplanes; but this will be no easy matter to carry out, and no doubt the anti-aircraft organization will be under some specialist officer who will relieve the gunnery officer of this work.

A specially constructed ship that is solely intended

for anti-aircraft defence may one day be considered an essential unit of a squadron.

Night attack must not be dismissed as being beyond practical ideas; in fact, once the ships can be discovered, I personally can see nothing to prevent it from being carried out. The ships will be more handicapped than the aeroplanes.

From these few remarks it appears that even the largest warships will have a great deal to fear from an aeroplane attack, so long as it is delivered by a number of machines working on a well-devised plan. How much greater must be the danger when cruiser squadrons are the aeroplanes' objectives—ships so constructed as to be less able to resist the explosions of torpedoes and bombs and without the same defensive armament.

The lone cruiser must be in deadly peril when attacked by a couple of squadrons of aeroplanes, and it seems therefore that as trade protectors in waters within reach of hostile aeroplanes cruisers will be ineffective. This is a very bold statement, but what other conclusion is possible?

I shall never forget one day at the Dardanelles in 1915 when a German submarine made its first appearance. All the large warships fled to the shelter of the waters of Imbros and Mudros, and naval gunfire in support of the army was left to destroyers and other small craft until the old cruisers fitted with bulges arrived in those waters.

Unless we are prepared, some such incident will occur in the future when aeroplanes attack warships.

The aeroplanes carried by the Fleet will, of course, play a part in the defence of the ships; but they suffer from being few in number and only operative so long as the carrier herself is afloat; and she will be the objective of the preliminary attacks. Further, carriers are few in number and can only be attached to the largest squadrons. The operation of fighter aeroplanes from carriers is too big a subject to discuss here; but it is, I think, correct to state that their task is far more difficult to carry out than that of their land-housed brethren in the same type of work. Combat tactics in these days of high speed demand intensive training, and low-flying

aeroplanes are, as well I know from my war experience, very difficult to detect when flying over water. The carriers' fighters will be very hard worked.

I have not yet mentioned the gun which will soon form part of the armament of aeroplanes. It will have its uses against destroyers and small craft, and can also be brought into action against the personnel of ships which is not behind armour protection. At first, the gun will only be a small weapon firing a 6 or 8 lb. shell, but there is no doubt that with experience a much larger calibre can be mounted.

I will now attempt to sum up this admittedly one-sided argument, in which I have ranged myself wholeheartedly on the side of the aeroplane as opposed to the warship.

First, the aeroplane has the advantage of the initiative, as the occasions on which the warship can begin offensive action against it will be very rare. Secondly, the aeroplane can regain its base and re-arm in a fraction of the time occupied by its opponent. Therefore, if both sides are unmarked, the aeroplane can continue the attack with as much vigour as in the initial attempt, whilst the ship will have expended a great deal of ammunition, suffered wear to her guns, and cannot replace her crew by another fresh one as the aeroplane can. Thirdly, the aeroplane can continue the assaults as long as the ship is within range of its base, and undoubtedly it will become a war of attrition with the scales favouring the air attack, since aeroplanes can be more rapidly replaced than ships.

It is quite possible that if the attacks are continued throughout the day, the ship's magazine may become empty and then it will be absolutely defenceless against attack. Anti-aircraft guns fire rapidly and ammunition is liable to be squandered during the first engagement.

A Sidelight on the Opium Traffic in China

By Hu Sun Chi

OPIUM is the curse of China to-day, and its effects can, perhaps, be more easily appreciated in the Yangtse Valley than elsewhere because this huge commercial waterway is the one safe route by which foreigners can penetrate to the interior.

The town of I-Chang, which lies at the foot of the gorges, is situated 1,000 miles from the sea, and for the next 350 miles the scenery is as magnificent and awesome as anywhere in the world. Special small high-powered steamers are employed on this run, for the rapids are dangerous and the current is swift, and if one makes this passage in April there are poppies everywhere, as far as the eye can see the red blooms colour the landscape, for every farmer and peasant is busy with his opium crop, which he must take off in the early spring to pay his land tax.

Sixty miles above I-Chang one enters the mountainous province of Szechuan; it is as large as France, its inhabitants are turbulent, and its fortunes wax and wane under a feudal system. Seven barons, who enjoy picturesque titles, such as Warden of the Western Marches, control its destiny, manage their own affairs, and pay little heed to the Nationalist Government at Nanking; each keeps a standing army to prevent encroachment by his neighbours and to maintain internal order; but in truth constant expeditions against contiguous baronies more than often leave the river and countryside free for the depredations of pirates and bandits, so that, although periods of tranquillity do occur, life and liberty there are often in danger and property is insecure.

The feudal lords, like others elsewhere, have found that unless they feed, house, equip, and sometimes pay their irregular armies, loyalty may become a doubtful quantity, for the attractions of piracy and banditry are great, whilst an affluent neighbour may be in a position

to offer such attractive terms that an army, or at least part of it, may change sides during the night. Various means are therefore adopted to find money. They get a share of the salt taxes and customs proceeds, goods in transit are taxed, there is "squeeze" everywhere, and, perhaps most important of all, there is the revenue from opium, which is specially devoted to the needs of the soldiers. Nearly all the opium which is grown in the province is intended to go directly into the hands of the military commanders who control wholesale shipments down river, arrange the retail business in the area under their command, and license the opium houses, from all of which the proceeds are large.

Leaving the province of Szechuan on the voyage down river one enters Hupeh, and subsequently may touch at ports in the riverine provinces of Hunan, Kiangsi, Anwei, and Kiangsu, over all of which the central government claims to exercise control. It is at these ports, namely, from I-Chang to the mouth of the Yangtse, that the traffic in opium seems more brisk and business-like, for they lie away from the main area of production where, of course, it can be more readily obtained.

Strictly speaking, the handling of opium is illegal unless the commodity is properly manifested, when it would pass through the hands of the Chinese Maritime Customs and then remain under proper control until it reaches the consignees who receive it under license for the manufacture of drugs. The officials of the Chinese Maritime Customs, too, have the right by treaty to search all vessels for opium and to seize and destroy any which may be hidden on board. Opium, however, spells trouble, since the main shipments pass either directly from one military commander to another or are forwarded to a high official by his agents further up river; but, whatever method is adopted, the system is illicit, for the opium will not appear on any manifest in possession of the master and is destined not for the genuine drug market, but for smoking.

Interference is therefore dangerous and, apart from personal risk which may be discounted, the natural reluctance of Commissioners of Customs to get mixed up in the opium traffic is due not only to the care they have

to exercise in guarding their reputations for probity, but to the existence at each port of the Opium Suppression Bureau and their armed satellites, the opium police. These bureaux, however, besides being quite irregular, have nothing to do with the suppression of the opium traffic. They are agents of the opium monopolists, and the name is used as a cloak to gull inquisitive foreigners who from armchairs or committee rooms thousands of miles away like to believe that opium smoking is being put down with a firm hand.

The officials concerned in the "suppression" of opium are appointed by, and work under the orders of, the local military commander. They receive all shipments, and when a big consignment arrives they supervise the unloading under a strong guard of soldiers; the opium police board and search all steamers, except those under the British (and probably the Japanese) flag, for smuggled opium. The officials themselves supervise the retail trade, fix prices, license houses, and collect the high transit taxes which are imposed on every picul which passes through, destined for a port lower down river.

Opium is a valuable substance, at Hankow it is retailed at 3 to 3½ dollars (Mexican), that is, about six shillings per ounce, and, due mainly to the high transit taxes which are collected at all ports, the price grows like a snowball. The cost of production takes practically no part in swelling its price, for it is grown and collected under duress, so that all the money resulting from the opium trade, with the exception of small freight charges, which are often not paid, is clear profit and falls to the benefit of the military caste and their officials alone.

Enormous sums of money are involved in this traffic; a reliable authority has stated that in one recent period of twelve months 800 tons of opium passed through I-Chang by water alone. This was not landed, but merely in transit; the tax on it would reach nearly one million sterling, whilst if retailed in Hankow it would realize over 8½ million pounds. It should, however, be borne in mind that the real figures can never be obtained, and it is highly probable that more than treble this quantity was actually handled in transit.

One cannot therefore be surprised that Szechuan

remains aloof from the Central Government, for, apart from its geographical isolation (and be it noted the only real highway to this province is through the Yangtse gorges), its feudal lords possess adequate funds which they do not wish to hand over to any one else in return for very doubtful and unconvincing privileges. But this is not all; the amazing revolts which occur from time to time at centres such as I-Chang, Changsha or Hankow are due to much the same causes. The military governors, marshals, generals, Tuchuns, call them what you will, who may have been sent to such places to maintain order and exercise authority on behalf of the Nationalist cause, soon find that it is easy to gain control of part of the revenues, not the least being that from opium, and when later they are instructed to move on or to undertake some expedition, they please themselves, their pleasure usually being a flat refusal couched doubtless in picturesque terms. Such a revolt occurred at I-Chang in September, 1929, where Chang Fat Kwei, with his notorious "Ironsides," was established. He had come into the Nanking fold after the overthrow of the Kwangsi party in April of that year, and after a few months at I-Chang it seems likely that he received orders to proceed north to join in the operations against Feng Yu Hsiang. But, having done well out of the opium revenue, it is doubtful if he cared much about a campaign up north, especially with the prospect of being left there for the winter; so, in defiance of the Nanking orders, he decided to return to the south; this he accomplished and was able to march through Hunan unmolested and has recently turned up again in the vicinity of Changsha as an ally of the rebellious element in the south.

No military leader will therefore willingly take steps to squash the opium traffic, for in so doing he would surrender his own independence; on the contrary it is to his advantage to foster the evil, increase the demand and thus maintain high prices. The miserable creatures who are the slaves of this vice not only martyr their bodies, but lose all moral sense; they must have opium at all costs, so that the more well-to-do part with their treasures and sell up their homes, whilst those who have not such means to hand are ready to engage in any

villainy so long as they can get their parchment-like hands on money, more money.

There is another side to the opium trade which must be noticed; this is smuggling, though perhaps this may not be quite the right term, for in a sense all opium is smuggled, so possibly one should call it dodging the monopolists. There is money in this, millions of dollars, consequently many artifices are adopted to evade the prying eyes of the opium police, for if a shipment either by steamer or junk can be got down from Chunking to Hankow or even further without paying transit dues, the smugglers will reap a handsome profit; in fact, so much money can be made in this illicit traffic, which includes the retail trade carried on privately in "unlicensed" houses, that the rascals who indulge in it will not stop, even at murder, to bring off a successful coup.

One of the most common devices for avoiding the opium police has been to drop the packages of opium into a waiting sampan from the stern of a steamer just before she berths at a pontoon, but this is now less successful, as the opium police, too, go afloat and are often able to seize the sampan. Getting through by night is easier, and this device is adopted at I-Chang, but not in steamers, for besides the difficulties of navigation which render it dangerous for them to come through the I-Chang gorge after dark, they must call at I-Chang to discharge cargo and passengers. This is not so with junks; they can be held up five or ten miles above I-Chang until nightfall and then try to steal down on the current under the hills and cliffs on the southern bank; but the opium police there are very vigilant, they have special fast sampans with strong rowers and powerful electric torches, and they do not hesitate to give chase and to open fire on any suspected junk, especially if it is clearly observed to be avoiding the anchorage off the city.

British steamers are not visited by the opium police, for they are not recognized by Treaty and, though they would much like to exercise their "rights," the presence of a British gunboat at all ports makes discretion the better part of valour. The search of British ships is carried out by officials of the Chinese Maritime Customs

in the ordinary execution of their duties and, though stringent orders are issued by the companies against the improper carriage of opium, they, too, bear their share of the drug as well as of the trouble which accompanies it.

This immunity from search by the opium police is naturally a great attraction to smugglers, for it is quite beyond the power of the few British officers to make a thorough search of the ship, the cargo, the Chinese crews and the many Chinese passengers when leaving an up-river port, such a suggestion would be quite impracticable. Where opium is concerned no Chinese can be trusted; if he be honest, then his mouth is shut by fear, if dishonest, then he is bribed so that everything works to help the knaves who handle this business. Cargo is falsely manifested, opium may be packed in luggage, it may be stowed away by the crew in the bowels of the ship, even jam tins in the steward's store room have been found to contain not jam, but opium.

The ship's officers may find some and destroy it, but they certainly imperil their lives in so doing; Customs' searchers are sometimes successful; but, for reasons given previously, Commissioners do not like to get mixed up in the traffic. One Customs' searcher, a Russian, and not therefore enjoying extra-territorial rights, had gained quite a reputation for spotting the stuff and had received the usual reward offered by the Customs for each picul found. It must have then been decided by the Chinese that his activities should cease and so he was accused of receiving bribes to overlook a certain consignment. He was brought to trial in a Chinese court, he was not allowed to call the Commissioner who was the principal witness for the defence, and the judge, being appointed both judge and prosecutor, could hardly acquit the accused without losing face or even possibly his head. The trial was typical of Chinese jurisprudence; there is no doubt that a bribe was offered, in fact, the accused quite frankly told the court so; this was part of the trap, but there was absolutely no evidence to show that he took it unless one includes the "unimpeachable"(!) testimony of the principal smuggler. The unfortunate man was found guilty and sentenced to fourteen months'

imprisonment accompanied by a fine of 4,000 dollars; he had no consul and could appeal to no one.

The difficulties of dealing with opium in British ships are therefore great, and when, as does unfortunately occur at times, a consignment is discovered by some Chinese official, a campaign of misrepresentation commences; no opportunity is lost to cast obloquy on the company concerned, to accuse the British of engaging in this nefarious traffic to their own advantage and to the degradation of the Chinese people and to revive the time-worn slogans of " Gunboat policy " and " Imperialism."

We thus have three parties, all equally unscrupulous, concerned in the opium business; first, the soldiers with their virtual monopoly of the commodity in the area which they control, receiving high taxes which they extort from all shipments which pass, as it were, their front door; secondly, the opium smugglers who themselves hope to reap the golden harvest which is the reward of the evasion of taxes and of the maintenance of private smoking-dens; and, lastly, the poor wretches who being slaves to the vice, will go to any length, even to the sale of their own children, in order to satisfy their horrible craving for a few hours' oblivion.

The local military commanders and officials by virtue of their large and irregular revenues, a large part of which comes from opium, are able to remain independent of the Nanking Government and to ignore or defy its orders unless obedience to such orders is convenient or expedient. Defiance of the Government means the continuation of civil war; defiance rests ultimately on armed force, and the contents of the war chest are drawn largely from the opium revenue. If no opium crop were taken off, the task of the Nanking Government in bringing China under its control would be easier.

Opium is the curse of China to-day for, apart from the evil it works and the misery it brings to its addicts, it is the mainspring of the military adventurers.

On Marûr* in Egypt

By F. M. Edwards

CALIGULA'S amiable wish that the Roman people had but one neck is well known; but the words of a disgruntled Anglo-Egyptian almost equal it in venom. "My favourite character in the Old Testament," he said, "is Moses—because he slew an Egyptian."

Certainly at times during my sixteen years in the Egyptian Civil Service I felt the same bitterness; but on the whole I have very happy memories of days spent among the Egyptians, especially of the years when I was in the districts as an Inspector in the Land Tax Department of the Ministry of Finance—one of the two last Englishmen whose duties took them into the villages and gave them a first-hand knowledge of rural conditions.

After the visit of the Milner Commission in 1920, English Inspectors of the Interior were withdrawn from the provinces, and English Inspectors of Finance lessened yearly in numbers until in 1927 there were only two of us left, one in Upper Egypt and myself in the Delta. Our own retirement was inevitable; and there now remain no English officials in the country districts.

It may therefore be of interest to describe a day in an inspector's life as it once was in the provinces before the English left Ali and Muhammad to the doubtful mercies of their own countrymen.

An old diary—stamped "Agenda: Egyptian Government"—lies open before me and under a certain date I read:—

> *"Visited by el Sheikh Ahmad el Tawil and others from Kafr el Gamoos re excessive rents.*
>
> *"Went to Kafr-el-Dib and saw 'Omdeh (headman) re arrears of taxes—afterwards rode to Bartila to examine complaint of Ahmad bey el Fuli.*
>
> *"Dined at Irrigation Rest-house with W."*

How easy to live through the day again in remembrance!

. . . . .

* "Marûr" is the word used for journeys in the Egyptian provinces on Government inspection duty.

In the capital of each province is the Government building called the Mudiriyeh. In it is a room allotted to the Inspector of Finance, and here also the Mudir (Governor) and the Hakimdar (Chief of Police) have their offices, and the various officials of the Interior and Finance drink coffee and smoke cigarettes all day in the intervals of filling up endless " istimaras " (forms) of all kinds.

On this particular morning my servant came into my office to tell me that one Sheikh Ahmad el Tawil and others were asking to see me. I told him to show them in and to bring coffee. Five typical fellahin entered, polished up a bit for the occasion with clean " 'immas " (head-bands) and " galabyias " (robes), and with lined faces telling of an endless struggle with the soil. They all salaamed and the eldest made the movement of picking up dust from the floor and throwing it on his head. They sipped their coffee with the customary noisy intake and after ten minutes of generalities came to the real object of their visit. " The Egyptians," said the spokesman, " are like fish; the big devour the small. Landlords are pressing for rents although cotton has not nearly reached the hoped-for prices. Seizures will be made for payment—our maize will be taken from us. We shall be ruined unless the Residency—' the House of Protection '—intervenes. You must write, O Excellency the Inspector, to the High Commissioner and implore his assistance." The others, chorus-like, kept up a stream of interjections: " Mazlûmîn ! " (" We are oppressed ! "); " Ya rab ! Ya rab ! " (" O Lord ! O Lord ! ").

I pointed out, in vain, that Egypt was now independent and that England could not interfere in purely domestic questions; that they had now a Parliament and that they (the speakers) had elected members to protect their interests and to drive out " the usurpers." " Lakin humma al mulak ! "—" But they (the members) are the land-owners ! " they cried with one voice. How can one deal with people who elect members of Parliament to drive out the " oppressors " and then see no illogicality in appealing to the " oppressors " to protect them from the members?

At last I got rid of my visitors, having promised to inform the Residency of their distress, and made plans for my day's work. I would go by train to Kafr-el-Dib to investigate the arrears of taxation in that village and then go on to Bartila on my horse to examine the complaint of a landowner there. I collected my maps and papers, made out railway warrants for myself, horse and groom, and walked down a short hill—one of the few in the whole delta—to the Light Railway Station.

The Light Railway serves the country districts lying away from the main Cairo-Alexandria line and is an enormous boon to the country folk; but the trains are not remarkable for speed or conformity to a time-table. I have—I confess with shame—improved the speed by some three or four kilometres an hour over a short journey by a small donation (five piastres, say) to the driver. A larger sum would have been tempting Providence.

The road to the station was crowded, as it was market day. There were camels carrying huge loads of cotton-sticks that almost touched the houses on either side. There were women with baskets of cheese on their heads, babies on their shoulders or hips, and eggs in network bags hung round their necks, their long black dresses trailing in the dust. Sellers of sherbet and licorice-water advertised their wares by clashing together brass saucers. By the roadside were vendors of crockery, "agwa" (squashed dates—half dates and half flies), bread-rings covered with carraway seeds, sweetmeats over which swarms of hornets and wasps were hovering. Each hawker had his own peculiar cry. "Honey! O oranges! Honey!" cried one; another, "The lupins of Embabeh surpass the almond!"; and "O Consoler of the embarrassed! O pips!" cried the seller of roasted melon-pips.

A terrible commotion was in progress at one place. A camel with its unwieldy load had knocked over a large tray of bowls which contained a grey blancmange-like mess mixed with raisins, borne on the head of a stout, one-eyed man. Dogs and small boys were hurriedly clearing up the unappetising confection.

"O exciter of Compassion!" cried the distracted

owner, one Ahmad; "Ya rab! (O Lord!) Ya rab! Ya rab! Mazloum (I am oppressed!) Five guineas' worth of bowls and 'sahlab' (the name of the mess) has gone from me! Meskin! (wretched!) O Muslimin, ten guineas' worth!"

The Crowd: "Malaish (Never mind)! Uncle Ahmad, be not angry. May Allah compensate you!" [The crowd certainly won't.]

Ahmad: "Malaish! How malaish? I will bring the —— son of a —— of a camel-driver before the Qadi. May Allah blacken his face!"

The Crowd: "God help thee! God sustain thee! Malaish!"

Then appeared a chawish (policeman) pulling out a notebook from inside his tunic, ready to make the inevitable procès-verbal. As I passed on I heard the familiar dialogue, and looking back, I saw both parties —the blancmange merchant and the camel-driver— being conducted by the chawish to the Mudiriyeh and a large crowd of idlers following.

The Kafr-el-Dib train was waiting. My horse was coaxed into a truck, my syce got in with him, and I climbed into my carriage—there is no platform. As soon as I had settled down, beggars, vendors of bread, melon seeds, monkey nuts, and Arabic newspapers appeared in turn at the window. Cries of "Yallah!" ("Go on!") and the blowing of a little horn announced our departure. As we rattled along, a figure from time to time passed by the window, followed shortly by another wearing a khaki overcoat. It was merely a ticketless passenger who was being pursued by the ticket-collector along the footboards round the train.

In those days (1921) political agitation was at its height, and the sides of the 1st-class carriages were usually inscribed with patriotic phrases, such as "Long live complete Independence!"; "Long live the beloved leader (Zaghlul)!"; "Long die Milner!" or "God crash Milner!"; "Independence or shameful death!" The unity of Copt and Muslim in the struggle against the "hated usurpers" was also emphasized. I once saw a pencilled cross under which was written, "God bless the Copts!"; beside it was a crescent with the

words, " God bless the Muslims ! " The effect was rather spoilt by the interpolation of a later hand—" Blast both of you ! " signed Pte. A. Crowdy, 1/11th Middlesex Regt.

About noon we reached Kafr-el-Dib, which is a large village of some four or five thousand inhabitants. There was always a crowd to meet the train. Very few were travellers. Some came to exchange news and greetings with those in the train, many came because they had nothing else to do and might pick up a few piastres by carrying the baggage of some Bey on a visit to his " ezbeh " (farm). At a marble-topped table of the Café de la Gare (proprietor, Yanni Basilides—there is a Greek money-lender grocer in all large Egyptian villages), the sub-Inspector of Agriculture was playing tric-trac with an irrigation engineer and a young police officer was having his boots cleaned by a " bouagi " (bootblack).

The 'Omdeh was there to meet me. He was accompanied for the sake of dignity by one or two sheikhs (elders) and a couple of " ghaffirs " (watchmen), who on such occasions act as aides-de-camp.

The stationmaster brought forward two reed-bottomed chairs and Yanni—in a dirty white apron, with his hair plastered down—was ordered by the 'Omdeh to bring coffee. One by one others joined us. At first the conversation consisted largely of compliments—" How is your health ? " ; " Al-hamdu lillah ! " (" Praise be to God ! ") ; " You have made us desolate by your absence " ; " You have shed light on our balad (village or country)." Two topics never failed—the price of cotton and the scarcity of water. After these generalities I knew only too well what was to follow. All would be obsessed by one idea—that I should write a letter to someone in authority. Ahmad Bey, whose half-witted son had failed twice in the Primary Education Examination, was sure that a word from " Genabak " (" Your Excellency ") would secure his son a Government post. The sub-Inspector of Agriculture asked my intervention to secure his transfer to Cairo ; the Maowin of Police wished me to speak " Wahid kilma bas " (" One word only "), and his father, who was now in Upper Egypt, would be transferred to Lower ; Hanna Eff would have his pay raised,

and 2nd Lieut. Mustafa would put up another star—if only I would write to someone!

After satisfying my friends at the station as best I could, I then walked through the village with the 'Omdeh to his house, the only one in the village built of stone and having windows and a garden. We entered the "selamlik," or room for male guests, the furniture of which consisted of heavy dust-laden plush curtains, a threadbare Smyrna carpet strewn with cigarette ends, a table with bamboo legs, a divan, some paper flowers in a vase, and a "suite" of deal chairs painted white and gold. The walls were bare except for two photographs—identically the same—of the 'Omdeh, both in one frame and with an inscription hanging text-like by a ribbon and bearing in English the words: "Please do not spit"—an injunction that is apt to be disregarded by Easterns.

"Coffee! 'Owwam!" ("Quick!") shouted the 'Omdeh, and one of the ghaffirs ran off to prepare it on a "primus." These stoves are blown up (and blow up!) in every Egyptian household from Alexandria to Aswan.

I then told the 'Omdeh that I had come to find out why there were so many arrears of taxation in his village and to see if seizures for non-payment were being properly applied. I suggested that he should collect a number of the taxpayers and allow me to question them individually. The 'Omdeh sent out his henchmen to gather in some of the defaulters, and in the meantime I rode off to inspect a "measuring brigade" who were working in the neighbourhood. Their duty was to measure any Government land that had come under cultivation during the past year, to describe crops and assess the rent for the plots taken up. After satisfying myself that the brigade was really working in the field, and not, as often happened, "frowsting" in a room with nothing but last year's papers and their own imaginations to guide them, I returned to the village.

I found some thirty or forty small landowners marshalled in the open space before the 'Omdeh's house. That worthy, as I approached, was delivering an impassioned speech to them—for my benefit, no doubt. I caught the words: "Is not the Government your father and your mother? Is the Inspector to be worried by

'awbash' (worthless people) such as you? If you do not pay your just taxes, I shall visit you with the greatest severity, O bahai-im (cattle)!" I pulled out from my pocket a list of the worst offenders and the amounts due from them. I had forgotten the 'Omdeh's name or I might have spared him the coming humiliation.

"Ahmad Gharabli," I read. "Who is that?" "Ana" ("I") said the crestfallen 'Omdeh, who had counted on a general rather than a particular visitation. The fellah loves a joke and the crowd grinned delightedly at his discomfiture.

I heard some excuses and was given many promises, but the Egyptian, like most of us, does not enjoy paying taxes. In his heart he prefers the good old times when the chances were about equal of his being beaten and fleeced unmercifully, or of escaping the Turkish "publicani" altogether. The present graduated system of land-taxes payable by instalments at convenient times (e.g. at the cotton-selling period) offers no such excitements, and seizures, after forty days' grace, follow non-payment.

My next job was to find the 'ezbeh of Ahmad bey el Fuli, so that I might examine his complaint *in situ*. The 'Omdeh gave me confusing directions, dragging in all the points of the compass. Orientation with the Arab is almost an additional sense. A man moving furniture will tell his companion to pull a table a little to the east or west; and an inquiry as to the whereabouts of your dog will elicit an answer that he was last seen going to the north-east. I thanked him and rode off, trusting to find some other informant when I was nearer to the farm in question.

After following a canal for some miles I came to a fellah in charge of a camel that was turning a "saggia" or water-wheel. The camel was blindfolded to prevent it from becoming giddy as it went round and round, hour after hour. We exchanged greetings and he invited me heartily to share in his dinner. I then asked him the way to the farm of Ahmad bey el Fuli. It is no easier in Egypt than in any other country to get an answer to such a question. He said at first that there was no such farm in the neighbourhood, and with an Irish-like anxiety

to please offered me the choice of some others. I pointed out to him in the distance some buildings whose position corresponded to that of the farm I was seeking, as shown by the map.

"What is that?" I asked. "Ezbeh el Cumbania," he answered.

I had a look at my papers and found that some thirty years ago the land in question had belonged to an agricultural company ("el Cumbania") who, no doubt, sold it to Ahmad Bey. I told him this, and he said brightly: "True, O Excellency the Inspector; Ahmad Bey bought it from the company long ago, and very poor land it is, too." I knew that it would be useless to ask him why on earth he had not told me this at first.

In a short time I reached the outskirts of the 'ezbeh. Seated on a kitchen chair in the shade of a sycamore tree was the Bey, an extremely stout old gentleman, wearing, in spite of the heat, a "stambulini" (frock-coat), yellow boots, and a rather battered tarbush. He rose, put up a large grey parasol and came to meet me. A servant took my horse and another ran to make coffee. The Bey was one of the few landlords in my province who looked after his estate in person, instead of living in Cairo and entrusting it to the mismanagement of others.

After coffee he put up his sunshade and we walked to the land, some 200 acres, that I had to examine before his appeal for reduced taxation could be considered. Fortunately, it was a large plot with definite boundaries—a canal, a drain, a sheikh's tomb, etc. It was easy to see that the land was in poor heart; snow-like patches showed that the drainage was insufficient. The Bey had tried to reclaim it, but the main drain was too far away to be of use. He was taxed at the rate of fourteen shillings an acre. "Deux cents livres de perte l'année dernière, mon cher Monsieur!"

I asked him if he could show me any accounts, details of expenditure, sales of crops, etc. He called out to Girgis, his Coptic secretary, who had been following us respectfully some twenty yards behind. "Hāder, effendim" ("Present, Excellency"), said Girgis, running up.

"What was the result of the farming here last year, roughly?" the Bey asked him. Girgis looked at me, then at the Bey, seeking some clue. After a little thought he answered: "There was a clear profit of £300." The Bey did not turn a hair. "La, la," he said, "huwa mush mishtiri" ("No, no, he's not a purchaser!"). Girgis, however, appeared slightly crestfallen at his too-ready assumption that I wished to buy the estate. He brought papers and accounts, and we spent the afternoon going through them; and then, having obtained the necessary information, I took farewell of the Bey and started for home.

When I reached Kafr-el-Dib again, the train was already in the station. I quickly handed over my horse to the syce who was waiting for me and jumped in as the train was leaving. After going a few miles uneventfully the train suddenly stopped. I looked out of the window and saw the engine-driver and ticket-collector talking angrily to a peasant. After a few minutes they all climbed into the driver's cabin and we continued our way. I had dismissed the incident from my mind; but at the next station, after a halt of some ten minutes, I became impatient and went along to the stationmaster's office.

Here a small crowd were pressing round the doorway. The stationmaster was interrogating the peasant whom I had seen being rated by the engine-driver. Attempted train-wrecking at least, I thought, but I was soon enlightened. "This man," said the stationmaster, pointing to the peasant held between the driver and the ticket collector, "this man was walking between the rails towards the train, waving his arms wildly. The driver stopped the train ['*Is that not so, O Ali Effendi?*' '*Yes, O excellency the stationmaster.*'] and then wallahi! this 'ibn kelb' (son of a dog) asked him for a match! I am now drawing up a *procès-verbal.*" I begged the official to allow us to proceed, as we were already very late, so he brought his inquiry regretfully to a close and continued the issue of tickets—in itself a long process, as he carefully entered in a large book the number and full particulars of every ticket. He had also to convince many would-be travellers that under modern railway

conditions tickets were issued at a *prix fixe*, and not subject to bargaining.

We reached D——— without further mishap and a ten minutes' drive brought me to the comfortable Irrigation Rest-House where I was to dine. There I found S., an irrigation official, and W., the Inspector of the Interior. After dinner we sat in deck-chairs on the verandah enjoying the " heaven under heaven " of an Egyptian night. The moon's reflection shimmered in the creamy silk waters of the canal that flowed past one side of the house. Not a sound was heard except the occasional barking of " pi " dogs and the rustle of the wind in the casuarina trees. From time to time a felucca with a vast lateen sail and creaking rudder slipped by. There was a smell of mimosa mingling with the smell of rich earth and—more faintly—of native cooking in the little village on the further bank.

We talked of our day's experiences and discussed the eternal Egyptian question and that quaint, lovable, and in many ways child-like rascal, the fellah. It was to a great extent in his interest and for his advantage that each one of us worked; and he showed, by bringing to us his troubles, that he realized this. But now " half-baked " politicians, lawyers, and schoolboys were trading on his credulity and fanaticism, and making impossible promises with much talk of votes and " freedom." We knew in our hearts that the Englishman's day of usefulness in the villages was nearly over.

In such a frame of mind we knocked out our pipes and, leaving the Egyptian question still unsolved, made for bed.

The Theatre and the Films

By Sir Nigel Playfair

ONE thing is quite certain: the Chancellor of the Exchequer, apparently a level-headed and intelligent man, has behaved with almost incredible rashness in the step he has taken, or has promised to take, in giving a grant of money to the Covent Garden Opera Syndicate. This step will land him in a morass of trouble, and has certainly put off any chance of endowment by the Treasury of a National Theatre in this country. He will find it exceeding difficult, able advocate as he may be, to bring forward any sound argument for it, and I very much doubt myself if he will be able to rely for long on the loyalty of his own party, while he certainly will receive no support whatever from any other. And this is not merely because this happens to be an extremely inopportune time to call upon the tax-payers of the country for any further contribution to its general expenses. The amount is so small that he could perhaps afford to disregard that particular outcry. It is because this contribution cannot really be explained or defended. The old argument that the country can afford in the cause of Culture and Education a sum amounting to a hundredth part (if that is the right proportion) of what it costs to build a second-class cruiser becomes in this particular case quite specious and absurd. For to tell the truth, however little the cultured and the precious may be interested in the question of the defence of our trade routes, they must, if they are honest, confess that a second-class cruiser, looked upon merely from its appeal to the æsthetic sense, is infinitely more attractive to the sensitive eye, and hardly less to the ear, than any performance that the Covent Garden Opera Syndicate has given in the past, or will, with any certainty, give in the future. Personally, at any rate, I greatly prefer the sirens of the battleships to the sirens of the Covent Garden stage. And please, let no one think that for the purpose of making a mild jest, I am gratuitously flinging insults at our guests, some even of our own race, who have sung during recent years in Grand Opera. I am not denying, or being ungrateful for, their virtuosity, but they are stars shot, as it were, madly from their proper spheres, taking part in performances which have no

guiding spirit, no team work, no sense of direction—in fact, haphazard and opportunist.

"Grand Opera," as we know it, has an appeal to a very small and not particularly intelligent section of the public, largely guided by its desire to be in the fashion and to use an opera house as a convenient meeting-ground for fashionable people. When an opera is sung in its own language, few understand it—when it is translated into English, it remains largely un-understandable. Grand Opera is a convention belonging to the past, and I cannot see that its revival will add much to the general stock of culture and refinement.

In any case, if I am wrong in this particular view, if a man like Sir Thomas Beecham can successfully work miracles, can translate the fascination which one country has undoubtedly felt into the terms of another, summon from the vasty deep, or the blue ether, or wherever else they may be hiding, skilled singers and interpreters—and since *he* is a magician it may be possible—surely the Chancellor could have made certain of his co-operation before promising this subsidy to a group of people who, according to the best critical opinion, have shown no proof whatever of possessing any such qualifications. No one denies the power of the present syndicate to obtain the help of the world's greatest conductors, and under them an orchestra which even without sufficient practice, unobtainable under the present system, can yet play extremely well, for English orchestral musicianship is equal to that of any other nation in the world. But opera, as an entertainment, as an Art-Form if you prefer it, is divided, like Gaul, into three parts, essentially interdependent, though each varies in particular cases in importance, the Music, the Words, and the Production. In the first are included the singing and the orchestra, in the second the literary graces, which should imply audibility and correct pronunciation, and in the third the scenery, lighting, dancing, grouping, acting, and stage movements. At Covent Garden, with some exceptions, the second and third parts have been entirely sacrificed to the first, so much so that it is more than common to hear people say, "I go to Covent Garden to listen to the music; the rest doesn't interest me." The retort is obvious. Why make any attempt to provide

" the rest " at all, and if it is to be done, must it not be done properly?

This idea seems to be very generally held even by some of our leading critics, who ought to know better. But if I may take some concrete examples to show what I mean, *Bohème* is an opera whose success seems to me to depend very largely on the genius of original production, though I do not know who created it. But the fact remains that, if you go into any second-rate opera house in Europe, you will find that the lines of its performance have been so carefully laid down that it can never be entirely spoiled as an entertainment, however weakly it may be played and sung, while half the other " classics " would have been rendered unbearable. An even more incontrovertible case is the revival of Handel's Operas in Cologne. Without the brilliance of the stage direction there they would never have come to life again at all, but remain mere museum pieces. As it is, I would almost cheer Mr. Snowden and his subsidy if I learned that Covent Garden would bring them over *en bloc*. But no such luck. That is not the sort of thing that Covent Garden does.

The whole affair of the subsidy muddle is pitiable, since the principle of a wider appreciation of the Arts, and especially of Dramatic Art, by the Government of this country is warmly to be welcomed, if only because, in a time when we are losing our trade and our optimism, it seems a pity that we should be rapidly deprived also of our noblest heritage, the English Language. This is now attacked from every side, especially by the crude talking films which must tend more and more to have a vast influence on the methods of expression and pronunciation of our people, and I do not here think of American films only, but of our own, the majority of which are directed by people without taste, with no sense of language, and with nothing to express but the crudest sentimentality or worse. Against such attacks the theatre, the human theatre, should stand as a bulwark and one can but sigh for the different situation which might have arisen, if, in times when such a thing were easily possible, we had set up in our midst a great National Theatre to keep a steady standard of fine speaking and diction and constant examples of what the

fitting use of our English language meant and could mean. It is all very well to talk of this age as one of change, of revolution, of the bursting of old barriers, of the finding of new values. We can dismiss our Shakespeare, our Congreve and Sheridan if we like, and set up new gods and new models. But, as D. H. Lawrence wrote, not long before he died, and he is scarcely to be quoted as a mere *laudator temporis acti*, "It is very much easier to shatter prison bars than to open undiscovered doors of life."

In a conversation with him, and a little to my surprise, since, though his own delivery might have told me that he was a lover of language, I did not know that he was particularly interested in the theatre as such, I found that the King felt that the theatre people were particularly called upon at this time to devote themselves to clearness and correctness in speech. He went so far as to express his regret that we have not in London a counterpart of the Comédie Française in Paris, though, naturally, he was speaking very generally and was not advocating the creation of such an institution out of Public Funds! Nor, indeed, do I think that any reasonable person could advocate this at the present time. I think it might have been founded before the war, and I believe that, speaking from a strictly commercial point of view, it would actually have paid the nation to do it. There has always been a pitiful lack of organization in the English theatre, the serious English theatre, and, consequently, when a great industry like the cinema was suddenly grafted on to its activities, there were hardly any of its practitioners prepared to tackle the new problems. The directors of film destinies are for the most part those who understand the essentials of company promoting and the drawing up of balance sheets and leave the acting and photography to chance, as far at least as they are concerned.

If we had possessed this organization, this State or exemplary theatre, should we have done any better? I do not think, on the evidence, limited, I admit, of my own observation, there is any doubt of this whatever. France, Germany, Russia came later into the film market than England, but with infinitely finer results. One French film, *Sous les Toits de Paris*, is, in fact, a revelation.

It is an achievement which, to my mind, proves for the first time beyond question that film making, and sound film making at that, can claim affinity with the fine arts. It is not only that its acting and photography are superb, but that there is not a single mistake in its whole effect. If there is any exception to be made to this statement, it is that its story, as I saw it, is not clear; but I rather imagine that this is due to inept cutting for which the producer is not responsible. I would call particular attention to its accompanying music. In any other film which I have seen and heard, where the music has been fitting—and it very seldom is—it is written for an orchestra, played by an orchestra, and then ruined in the "canning" process. But the composer of the music for *Sous les Toits de Paris* knew that his music was going to be "canned," and wrote it with this end in view. In fact, it is appropriate to the drama of the story and the "canning" adds to its appropriateness. It sets an example which must be followed.

If England is to take a leading place in the film industry, it must give greater and greater encouragement to the human theatre, just as the B.B.C. must do, if its standards are to be maintained and improved. For it seems clear to me that, speaking broadly, the success of talking film depends, and always must depend, to a very great extent on the skill of actors, and the art of acting cannot conceivably be learned except before a responding audience. I am prepared to be told, and to believe, that a few rare people can be possessed of such imagination that they can dispense with this preliminary training, but they will continue to be greatly exceptional.

I believe that, taking a long view, it would be wise for the film industry and the great Broadcasting Corporation to join together to establish a central theatre where, with every precaution, standard performances of great plays in our own language properly spoken could be given. This theatre would evidently have the greatest possible influence, not only in England, but in the Dominions, and even in the United States.

Apart from any ideas of raising the whole tone of our general education and culture, I think it would *pay* as part of a general "Come to England" campaign which cannot live on scenery and motor 'bus trips alone. But

that is a larger question into which it would be unwise for me to enter at the moment.

For the last few days I have been in bed with influenza and have become what I seldom am in health, "a listener in." Last night I was really in a mood to be thrilled by one of my favourite plays—or an arrangement from it. Marlowe's *Edward II* was to be given. But, alas, the disappointment when it came, so much disappointment that I shut the instrument down after a quarter of an hour and took to my book! For the whole "arrangement" seemed to me little more than an inarticulate gabble at the end of a passage—broken with some pretentious music and announcements.

It was not the fault of my instrument, as B.B.C. "fans" would like to tell me, for I had just heard Mr. Harold Nicholson, not at his best, for he obviously had a bad cold and for once a poor subject. But I heard him perfectly and realized again his special gift of "planting" the scene and events he wished to describe in the imagination of his listeners. Why had not the producer of *Edward II* gone to him for a lesson?

As it was, even I who knew the play well could hardly follow ten consecutive lines anywhere except from two or three of the actors, and I am sorry to say one of these was very definitely not Edward II!

The whole thing really was a gross waste of time and the taxpayers' money, and no bundle of congratulatory postcards will convince me that any listener was honestly anything but incredibly bored. Yet, given capable artists trained to this sort of thing, though these are rare and will, unless something is done, become obsolete, the B.B.C. could do great service in the cause of education.

Incidentally, a night later, another speaker caused me to part with a cherished theory, and that is that the woman's place is not at the microphone. It definitely does not suit most of them. Many women speak well, but few with that depth and simplicity which are necessary when their personality is only to be imagined. But Miss Lloyd George's manner and method seem to me perfect, and I strongly advise the Liberal Party to let her put their case over the microphone as often as she may be allowed, and the B.B.C. to persuade her to speak more often and on many subjects.

Burke's Eloquence and Hansard's Reports

By H. V. F. Somerset

It has always been a vexed question: What was the effect of Burke's eloquence upon his auditors? and it is probable that, on the whole, too much has been made of his *defects* as a public speaker, largely as a result of his having, in his later life, been called "the dinner bell." So great is the bewitching potency of a phrase.

But whatever be the truth about this subject, one thing at least is certain: that posterity has lost immeasurably from the fact that in his time there was no verbatim reporting in the House; and that thus we are often given only a dull, and probably incorrect, précis of speeches that we are at the same time informed lasted in many cases for several hours and dazzled the listeners by their force, variety, brilliance, and humour.

It should always be interesting, then, to compare any passage from Hansard's report with the corresponding passage in any other fuller, but also contemporary, account, if there should happen to be any such surviving.

Of course, as everyone knows, Burke himself published a number of his more famous speeches,* and in such cases Hansard has reprinted these verbatim.

But in many cases—in the case of the Regency debates of 1788, for instance—although Burke spoke loud and long in them, and certainly with striking, though sometimes almost too striking, effect, yet none of his speeches delivered at this time was published by him, and so could not be reproduced by Hansard.

It is interesting, then, to find in a pamphlet of the period, entitled: "An impartial Report of all the Proceedings in Parliament on the late important subject of a Regency," reports of Burke's speeches on this crisis, in which, at least in the case of one long speech, a striking

* This procedure, however, to which the world owes so much, was not approved of by everyone at the time. We find Colonel Luttrell in a speech in the House, in 1778, speaking with contempt of "orators who spent their time in studying inflammatory speeches, and expending their incomes in having them published in the newspaper; rhetoricians, who got their livelihood by publishing their speeches in parliament."—"Parl. Hist." xix, 645.

instance is given of the disparity between Hansard's account and that of this other contemporary publication.

And if the " Impartial Report " be, indeed, more true to Burke's original than Hansard, which we believe the following extracts will indicate to be the case, then from this instance we have actual proof of how much has been lost of Burke's eloquence even in the little crack, as it were, between one report *in oratio obliqua* and another; and of how much more, therefore, must have disappeared, and been swallowed up, into that great gulf that is for ever fixed between *any* indirect account of his speeches, and the living words and phrases of the orator himself !

The following, then, are a few parallel passages, from one of his speeches on the Regency crisis, taken from Hansard and from the Impartial Report respectively.

It is, indeed, hardly correct to call them exactly *parallel passages*, for the dissimilarity between the two reports is so great as to make their divergences almost as striking as their similarities. But, speaking roughly, we may call them parallel. We may add, however, that the arrangement of the argument in the two reports is quite different. The points of the speech do not appear in the same order in each, and there are far *more points* in the Impartial Report than in the other. The speech is much longer there, and, as our quotations, we think, clearly show, there is usually a much greater elaboration of each point individually.

The oration in question was delivered on December 22, 1788, and dealt with the proposed procedure of Pitt's ministry in the case of the appointment of a Regency. Our quotations are taken at random from the two reports.

Here, for instance, are the two versions of a portion of the speech in which Burke inveighs against the setting-up a Commission under the Great Seal (held by his enemy, Lord Thurlow) to deal with the situation created by the madness of the King. And it is, we think, clear enough which of the two passages adheres the more closely to the original.

HANSARD	IMPARTIAL REPORT
We are told to take a man with a large black brow and a big wig;	It was intended, he had heard, to set up a man with *black*

he is a fit person; trust none of the royal family, for they will all rob the crown, because they are the relatives of the sovereign; and, in order to fix a proper and legal sanction upon our proceedings, we will give a fictitious consent to our own acts; for, we are to determine on the means whereby the royal assent may be given in parliament to such bills as may be passed by the two Houses of Parliament, respecting the exercise of the powers and authorities of the King, during the continuance of his Majesty's present indisposition. This is called the royal assent, without any intimation to the royal person of any such assent, or to the illustrious personage who is to act for him. This, Mr. Burke said, was a glaring falsehood, and a palpable absurdity. He did not approve of any robbery, whether it was housebreaking, highway-robbery, or any other felony; yet each of them in his opinion, was more excusable than law forgery. The Great Seal was to be affixed to a commission robbing the executive power of its due function; a certain composition of wax and copper was to represent the monarch: this was a species of absurd metaphysics, such a preposterous fiction that he did not see how it was possible to treat it otherwise than with contempt and ridicule did not the great effect which this absurdity was to have, make it serious and important. Here Mr. Burke said, "I disclaim all allegiance, I renounce all obedience and loyalty to a king so chosen, and a crown so formed. I have given my allegiance already to the House of Hanover. I worship the gods of our glorious constitution, but I will not worship Priapus."

eyebrows and a large wig, a kind of scarecrow to the two Houses [Mr. Burke was here supposed to mean the Lord Chancellor] who was to give a fictitious assent in the Royal Name; and this to be binding on the people at large! In spite of right, reason, and analogy of law, they declared their positive determination to elect a creature of their own, and to invest it with the *insignia*; but without any of the intrinsic power of Royalty. This attempt, which wanted the daring spirit of a robbery, had only the creeping meanness of low forgery. The contrivance which was thus set up, in lieu of a third Estate, was a fiction, a *chimera* more extravagant than poets run mad had ever dreamed of! Instead of a King, active and efficient, it presented them with a mixture of absurd mechanics, and more absurd metaphysics? It was a *screw-press, a lump of copper—a small quantity of wax*, and *a shred of parchment*, altogether constituting what was termed the *great seal*. The *fiction of law*, by which it was to be supposed a King, was a *falsehood*, that could not impose, even upon his imagination. He could not approve of law metaphysics, still less of law ethics, or of law divinity. He, for his part, disclaimed all allegiance to such a political monster! If any substitute was to be placed in the room of the Crown, it should be what was a *parcel* of the Crown; it should be that person, who, in contemplation of law, was frequently reckoned one person with the Sovereign, and that was the Heir Apparent. If he was to bow down and worship, it should be to something like a Deity; he would not prostrate himself before a *priapus*, a low creature, that

might have been made from a *Bench*.

Cum faber incertus scamnum,
faceretne priapum.*

The farce reminded him of a priest among savages, who raised an idol, and directed its worship, merely that he might secure to himself the meat that was offered as a sacrifice.

Here, again, are the two reports of Burke's picture of the King returning once more to his senses and finding the Chancellor, and not the Prince of Wales, in command of the situation.

HANSARD

He would then add, "Restore me to my former state and opinion. Do not let me see a black-brow'd phantom on my throne!"

IMPARTIAL REPORT

When he should see his authority vested in a stranger-hand, and his next of blood, displaced from that efficient authority which he should possess, he could but exclaim, "Restore me to my former state!—why did you recall me from the delusion?—*Erat mentis gratissimus error;* † but clear my throne at all events, and take that *black-brow'd* phantom from my sight!"

And here is another sally, aimed at Pitt and the Chancellor, which does not appear in the pages of Hansard at all.

IMPARTIAL REPORT

The Resolution . . . went first to *suspend* and then to *transfer* the monarchy! to tear the temporary diadem from the brow of the rightful claimant, and to place it on the head of *another person!* It was as if, in the case of a private succession, the owner of the estate becoming distempered, were to find on his recovery, that instead of its being in the possession of his son, it had been seized on by the rapacious hands of his *Steward* and *Attorney-at-Law?*

[*This allusion, which created much risibility in the House, was supposed to be directed to the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Pitt.*]

In the following, meanwhile, we may see how the Impartial Report presents to us much more clearly than

* Horace, Satires, I, 8, beginning. I was once a trunk of figwood, "when the workman was uncertain whether to make me into a bench, or into an image of (the obscene god) Priapus."

† "The dearest delusion." Horace of the Argive who thought he heard admirable actors playing when the theatre was empty.—Satires, II, 140.

does Hansard the figure of that impassioned and indiscreet Burke of the Regency debates, of whom Sir William Yonge wrote that he was "Folly itself, but shaking his cap and bells beneath the laurels of genius." *

HANSARD

Debates, p. 825

Adverting; next, to the consideration of depriving the Prince of the power of bestowing honours, Mr. Burke remarked, that the fountain of honour had, indeed, since the year 1784, profusely flowed. He did not mean to infer that this was wrong; but, if his Majesty had been thus bountiful, it would not be deemed extravagant to indulge his son a little in the same way; at least, to deprive him of that advantage was not very decorous. Suppose, for instance, the Prince wished to bestow honours on the house of Cavendish, would any person in that House have the audacity to dispute the propriety of such an honour? Or suppose his Royal Highness should be disposed to revive the title of Rockingham, would it be deemed extravagant or improper? Here, conceiving himself to be interrupted during his remarks concerning the various possible claims for distinctions, which some families might have upon the Prince, Mr. Burke observed, that, in vociferation and noise, some persons were very great, but he knew a set of hounds that would eclipse them. He declared that, for his own part, he never spoke to the Prince about any office; and here, perceiving a smile on some countenances, he added, that perhaps some gentleman would not readily believe such an assertion; a doubt might be to them natural enough; but

IMPARTIAL REPORT

P. 174–175

Mr. Burke next considered and condemned the illiberal policy, that had suggested the proposed restrictions, particularly in de priving the Regent of the power of creating peers.

There might be some appear ance at least in this proceeding, if the man who proposed those limitations, had himself observed any restraint, and had not made his peerages, like packed juries, by the dozen! But even if the Prince was inclined to show his friendship to those, who had loved and cultivated his intimacy; if, for instance, he were inclined to bestow a peerage on any of the young Princes—if he were to bestow a mark of his favour on the illustrious house of Cavendish —or to revive the title of the Marquis of Rockingham in the person of a near and illustrious relative (Lord Fitzwilliam): this could, in his opinion, furnish no good reason why the Heir Apparent should be deprived of his rights, or meet such as these, included in the bead-roll of proscription! Mr. Burke mentioned the early ebullition of loyalty in the late Marquis of Rockingham who, when a boy, ran away from his parents to General Honeywood's camp, that he might go and fight against the rebels. Mr. Burke said he could mention several others, on whom should His Royal Highness be pleased to confer a peerage, it would not be

* "Memoirs of the Court and Cabinets of George III," by the Duke of Buckingham.

he wished to impress the House with a proper sense of the necescity of not depriving the Prince of the power of bestowing honours. "I should not," he remarked, "mean, insignificant, and trifling as I am, like to see my name upon the roll of proscription." All sorts of proscriptions, in cases similar to the present, were nonsensical, insane, and most preposterous declarations; for, they deprived the executive power of an essential part of its functions, of the glorious opportunity of rewarding virtue.

a sufficient reason to disgrace him. The late Prince of Wales, the father of his present Majesty, it was well known, had at all times his court full of Jacobites, and yet on his nearest prospect of succession, no Sylla was then found to menace such a curtailment of his rights!

[Here Mr. Burke being interrupted by the noise of the opposite side, observed, that if they prided themselves in that clamour, it was no more than what he had often known better executed by a pack of fox-hounds. This observation, as it might be supposed, excited a good deal of mirth.]

Proceeding with his argument, he said, that inconsiderable as he was, he should feel it as a kind of mortification if the road to honour was shut up from him. He should think it an unfair kind of proscription, like that practised by Sylla. While the Gentlemen over against him had access to the fountain of honour, they had not been sparing in their draughts. But when this was no longer open to them, they were determined that it should be shut up from all others. The Minister seemed to invite his associates, and to encourage them to hope for better days, than those they were likely soon to experience. I shall keep all these good things locked up safe for you—

*Condo & compono, quae mox depromere possim.**

But there certainly could be no good reason for this reserve, of what was deemed the necessary power of the Monarchy, for weakening a Government, unless the exclusive possession of all the great offices of trust, among one set of men, could be called so.

* Horace, Epistles, I 1 12: "I amass and arrange what I can bring forth ater."

The next quotations also are interesting, we think because of the particularly characteristic sentences from the Impartial Report, in which Burke " makes play," so to speak, with the idea of *necessity*, and uses that particular word as an occasion for the enunciation of one of those majestic generalizations in which he so much delighted, but which were probably to a large portion of his audience not very intelligible. On the other hand, the Hansard account quite fails to present us with any true picture of Burke the subtle refiner.

HANSARD	IMPARTIAL REPORT
P. 820	P. 169
We had been told, upon this solemn subject, that necessity obliged us to take certain steps; and all these declarations, when sifted, appeared to be mere words expressive of the opinion of individuals, and which, if sanctioned and approved, would operate as an utter subversion of our liberties, our property, and our character as a nation. Thus the mere "ignis fatuus" of private judgment was to supersede the wisdom of ages.	The two Houses of Parliament were, Mr. Burke said, in a state of inactivity, arising from the vacancy in the exercise of the third branch of the Legislature; and that whatever measures they had recourse to, were justifiable only in proportion as they were founded in the necessity of the case, beyond which point they could not go. Their situation, he said, was by no means an exalted one, for *necessity* had no reason to be *proud*. They were to act under a humiliating pressure of circumstances; yet the arguments of some persons had been, as if the authority of the House expanded under its depression. All proceedings, that are grounded on *necessity*, should be cautiously conducted. Other matters might go on in a progressive state of improvement, but *necessity exists for its own destruction*. In a dangerous situation, a step beyond what is absolutely necessary, might carry them from security to ruin. The most cautious and considerate deliberation was necessary; the *ignis fatuus* of private judgment was little to be relied on in a discussion of so important a nature.

But our next quotations are perhaps more interesting still. For here we see how completely Hansard has missed the whole point of an important passage of Burke's argument: or, rather, has mixed together and confused several points of the speech in an extraordinary manner.

For instance, Hansard quite omits the *contrast* that Burke draws between 1688 and 1788; and also in a very absurd way insists upon the fact that in 1688 the King was hurled from his throne, implying that some such similar procedure was called for in 1788; whereas the whole importance of Burke's argument lies in the fact that he stresses, not the violence of the mode of procedure adopted in 1688, but rather its mildness, and therefore argues that if mildness was used at a time so different from the present, because the King had then overturned the constitution, *a fortiori* still greater mildness and moderation should be used now, when no such great constitutional upheaval had taken place, and when the Heir Apparent was there waiting and ready to assume the Regency.

HANSARD

P. 823

Allusions had, upon this occasion, been made to the Revolution and the Restoration; but they were acts of necessity, having attendant upon them their peculiar ways. But what was the nature of the Revolution, and what was the nature of the restraints upon the executive power agreed upon, and consented to, upon that memorable period? They were these: If a king shall abolish or alter courts of law, trial by jury, or religion, or erect a standing army, then the compact is dissolved, and all right and power reverts to the people; and the people, by plots, conspiracies, or any other secret or violent means, may hurl such a king from the throne. The Revolution was, in fact, a precedent of a delinquent

IMPARTIAL REPORT

P. 171–172

The Restoration and the Revolution, had been among the precedents adduced. But surely the case was not the same now, as at either of those periods: the government was then not merely convulsed and disjointed, but annihilated and reduced to atoms. But how did our ancestors act on the memorable occasion of the Revolution? In each of these, their first object was to return as soon as possible, after their first obliquity, to the straight principles of the Constitution; they did not change the form of Government into an Aristocratic Republic, but they considered the formation of the old world, and moulded the new one on the model of it. They, in the first place, filled the Monarchy that was then

monarch; a precedent to teach this lesson to kings: "Discite justitiam moniti et non temnere leges." *

vacant, by addressing the Prince of Orange to assume the Crown. The Monarchy is at present not vacant, but the exercise of its powers is suspended. What then would they do, if they argued from the analogy of that precedent? They would address the Prince of Wales, to assume the office and the name—not of King, but of Regent. The Revolution, indeed, was an admirable precedent, and a noble example to Kings: it was a warning, and seemed to cry out to them,

Discite Justitiam moniti, et non temnere Leges.

We will add only one more quotation, which is not particularly interesting in itself, but which again clearly shows us how much more elaborate and impassioned were the actual words of Burke, than those which appear in the parliamentary history.

HANSARD P. 821	IMPARTIAL REPORT P. 173
If we are to fight against the Crown, said Mr. Burke, let us fight against it fairly; when the monarch is seated on the throne, then the contest may be fair; then we act manfully; but what is to be done when the Crown is in a "deliquium?"	If the attack was meant to be made on the privileges of the crown, let the assault be bold and manly! Let it be made when the regal functions were alive and energetic; not when, as now, they lay in a *deliquium*—in a trance. Let not the attack be made on him who, if the death of the body were as complete as that of the mind, would be our King by the best of all possible claims: would be our King by *Lineage*, and ou King by LOVE!

* Virgil, Aeneid VI, 620, with *divos* altered to *leges*.

The Justice of the Wild

By A. Werner

THE Medical Officer had just come in from the post-mortem.

"What do you make of it?" asked Trevelyan, laying down the closely-pencilled sheets of the deposition. He had just gone over it with the missionary who had taken it down.

"A queer case. Septic poisoning of the intestines, and nothing to show how it was done. Can't exactly say what the poison was, either, but nothing could have saved him."

"Then you think he may have spoken the truth?" Trevelyan turned over the pages. "You heard what he said? Here it is: He was returning at night from Mangasanja to his village, when a man sprang out of the high grass and struggled with him, and he felt him run something sharp into his body. He thought it was a splinter of bamboo——"

"What made him think so?"

"He didn't say. And he knew it was poisoned, because of the after effects. The man was Che Malemya."

The missionary in the long chair, beyond the range of the lamplight—his hawk-like profile and sunken cheeks looming dim in the shadow—nodded gravely once or twice, as he listened. Then, after a pause, he spoke.

"I should have liked to know what he was doing on the road after midnight. For I happen to know that he reached his hut just before dawn, and he must have made his way back at once; besides he never was at Mangasanja. I have made careful inquiries and feel pretty certain he had not gone in that direction."

"You know the man, Dr. Fleming?"

"Njowe?—yes, I've known him three or four years, off and on. He didn't bear a very good character, poor wretch, and I can't say I liked him. There was something I never could get at the bottom of. Sometimes I have wondered whether he was quite right in his head."

"So that this whole yarn might be a delusion?"

"The septic poisoning is real enough," said the Medical Officer. "But apart from that, I don't think the man was quite normal. I shouldn't say that the brain was actually diseased, but it strikes me——"

The missionary looked up quickly, as if about to speak, and checked himself. The other, too, apparently reconsidered what he had been about to say and, instead of finishing his sentence, asked—

"Do you know this Malemya, Fleming?"

"Yes, I know him—in a sense. I've a great respect for him, but I can't pretend to have got at the back of his mind. He enjoys a sort of reputation as a witch-doctor and diviner, but I've never known him to do anything that was really not straight . . . a strange man and an interesting one."

"Che Malemya—let me see—I think I've heard of him before. Where does he live? Over at Mlungusi—yes—it was when you were away on furlough, Doctor, and Rutherford was here in your place . . . He complained bitterly of the man, called him a thorn in his side, I think."

Fleming's grey hawk-eyes twinkled and an enigmatic smile hovered about the corners of his mouth.

"I fancy Rutherford is even farther from understanding Che Malemya than I am," he said.

There was a long pause. Trevelyan puffed at a cigarette and the Medical Officer, not without difficulty, removed a bulky insect which had insisted on flying down the chimney of the lamp, and threatened to involve that structure and itself in a common ruin.

Then Trevelyan spoke.

"What's your opinion, Fleming? You know you have one—you've not been here twenty years, and you and these people thick as thieves, for nothing. I wish you'd speak out."

"I've known strange things happen here—incredible things—things I don't understand . . . If you ask me, I think Che Malemya killed Njowe, and I don't think any the worse of him for it, for I feel sure he had some good reason . . . but beyond that, I can only guess . . . and, of course, such things can't be allowed."

"Then I ought to send and arrest him?"

"Is that necessary? He'll come if he's sent for—and I believe he'd tell us all about it if we asked him. He has a great notion of your justice—and I think he credits me with good intentions."

There was another silence, and then Trevelyan said, "I gather you wouldn't advise me to send the police down?"

"Better not, if you'll allow me to suggest . . . In fact it might be best for me to go and have a talk with him. I'll engage to have him here by to-morrow afternoon."

"Chap will have cleared out by the time you get there," said the Assistant, who had not spoken before.

"I think not. I'm going to start at midnight and get to Mlungusi in the morning. And—one thing more. I believe that everyone, barring ourselves, between Mangoche and Mlanje knows what Malemya has done, and why he did it, and—if you think stringing up's the only thing . . . well, you'll never hear about it, but you'll have outraged their sense of justice, and, years afterwards, there will be discontent and 'unrest,' of which no one can get at the cause. Well—good night!"

"Oh! come," said the Assistant, staring after him, "no good being sentimental about these fellows!"

"Fleming's not a sentimentalist," said Trevelyan shortly.

* * * *

The four were seated in their long chairs in the courthouse verandah. Che Malemya, with his brother, who had come to see him through, squatted on the bricks at their feet. Malemya was a thin, middle-aged man, not very tall, draped in a length of dark-blue calico which toned well with his coffee-brown skin. He had a worn, intelligent face, with a nose approaching the aquiline, and lips that could almost be called thin.

He told his story in a slow, grave undertone, his eyes fixed on the ground at Trevelyan's feet, his thoughts, for all one could tell, a thousand miles away. The Commissioner made notes as he went along, pausing now and then to look at Fleming, who stepped into the breach and interpreted.

"I don't quite follow," said the Medical Officer, when the speaker had come to a stop. Trevelyan waved a hand at him half impatiently, to deprecate interruption, but Fleming, with a reassuring glance at Malemya, continued:

"He says that, when he was young, there was an unaccountable mortality in his village one dry season. People died one after another without illness—it was whispered that witchcraft was at work, but no one knew what to do. He (Malemya) thought over the matter for a long time and at last consulted his father, who said yes, there was a way to stop it. A secret society existed for that very object, but none of the members lived in their part of the country. There was a well-known doctor away over in Lomweland, and he himself had seriously thought of making the journey and getting initiated, so as to put a stop to these doings. But he was too old now—a younger man might try . . . so Malemya volunteered."

Malemya, at a sign from Fleming, once more took up the thread of his story.

"My father gave me a tusk of ivory, as a present to the doctor, and beads and gunpowder. So I went for seven days, and came to the village where he lived, far beyond Mangoche. And there I bought a white goat and a white fowl and went to him where he sat in the *bwalo*,* and brought him my present and told him the whole story. He was a Lomwe man, with the mark of the crescent moon between his eyebrows. I said, 'I want to become a member of your society,' and he answered, 'You must stay here six months.' So I lived with him, and he taught me to know the herbs that are good for medicine; also the rules for divining with the lots. And he said it was true that those people of our village had died by witchcraft. For even as I had heard old men say before, there are witches who love to eat human flesh, and they cause the death of people that they may afterwards dig up their bodies and eat them. Such are not to be known when they mingle with their neighbours by day; but sometimes a diviner may discover them by casting lots—the spirits helping him. 'But the surest way,' he said, 'is that one should watch all night beside

* The village "forum"

the grave and seize them in the act. Then he must kill them in a way that I will show you. It leaves no trace on the body, and the guilty man goes home and dies, not daring to say what has befallen him. And when the deaths cease in the village, all will know why he died—not by witchcraft, but in just judgment. . . . But if he were slain on the spot, it might be thought he had been killed by some wild beast; also, the white men, who are now in the country, would hear of it, and inquire into the matter. . . .

'So shall this evil of witchcraft cease out of the land. . . .'"

"When he had fully shown me all this, he said, 'Now you have learned all that I can teach you, and it is time you went home.' So he killed a fowl for me, and his wife brewed beer and we ate and drank, and in the morning he set me on my way. And when he took leave of me, he said, 'When you have gone a little way, you will meet a funeral party coming from Mangoche. You must go up to them and take the place of the foremost bearer, putting the pole on your shoulder, and turn back with them for a space.' Then he said farewell and I went on.

"I had travelled till the sun was about so high"—indicating with outstretched hand an angle of some thirty degrees—"when I heard the chant of the mourners coming along the road. I know not why—but fear overcame me, so that I thought, 'I cannot meet them,' and I turned into the long grass and hid. . . . There, as I lay on the ground, I heard the drum and the chanting and the patter of many feet, *tu, tu, tu* . . . and I waited till all had passed and the sound died away in the distance, and then I came forth again. Before I had gone many steps, I heard the drum once more, and this time I saw through the tops of the grass the heads of the people—a long line of men and women, and the bearers, with the pole on their shoulders. . . . They were two tall men, and the front one had his hair cut in a ridge rising above his forehead. I dived into the grass and hid again, for a horror was on me, so that I could not meet them. I waited and still heard the feet passing, *tu, tu, tu* . . . the procession seemed endless. . . . After a long

time all was quiet, and I came out again. When I had walked as far as from here to the stream "—he pointed down the road—" I heard the drum and the singing once more. And when I looked up, the foremost man, the one with the drum, was coming down the path facing me, so that I could not escape him. And, over his shoulder, I saw the face of the first bearer, and it was the same man I had seen before, with the crest of hair above his forehead. . . . Then I feared more than ever—but I saw that I could not avoid them, so I went on. When I came up to them, the man with the drum stood aside for me to pass, and he with the crest of hair lifted the pole from his shoulder, and I stepped beside him and lifted it to mine. And as it touched my shoulder, there was a crash like thunder inside my head and all was dark, and I knew no more.

" When I came to myself, I was lying on the path, and the doctor sat on the ground beside me—there was no one else to be seen. He felt my hands and looked into my eyes, and I knew there was no need to tell him what had befallen. But I asked him : ' Was this, indeed, a true thing, O my father? Or a thing of magic? ' He saw the thought that was in my heart, and he answered : ' You are right—there was no funeral—it was I only.' "

In the pause that followed, Trevelyan looked across at the Medical Officer and almost whispered, " What do you make of that? "

" As far as I can understand what happened, it's not like any case of hypnotism I ever heard of. Perhaps Fleming can explain."

But Fleming only shook his head, and the slow, grave voice went on again.

" Then he said, ' You are now fully initiated : this was the final test. Go home and see if you can baulk those wizards who are killing so many people.' So I went on my way and came home and my father told me that, three days before, one Kumtaja had died, no man could tell how. He was ill but a day, and could not say what ailed him, and those best skilled in herbs tried all they knew to help—but nothing would avail. They waked the corpse a day and a night and buried him the day before I arrived. I said to my father, ' Did any

watch by the grave the first night?' He answered, 'They did so, but none came,' So I said, 'I will watch to-night, and I watch alone.' He was unwilling, but, when I had told him all the words of the Lomwe doctor, he knew that so it must be and showed me the place in our burial grove; so when night fell, I went, none seeing me, and hid in the long grass near the grave . . .

"It was the black night of the new moon, when none would willingly go abroad. I waited long . . . At last, about midnight I heard a rustling in the grass—it came nearer and seemed to be moving towards the grave. I came out and followed, creeping along the path. It was dark—black dark—but presently I saw a faint light among the trees where Kumtaja's grave was. You know, Che Fleming"—and he looked across to the missionary—"our people say that wizards kindle on graves a fire which is no fire such as men use, but shines out of the grave itself?"

Fleming nodded—or rather signified assent in the native way, by a lift of the chin.

"But this was not so, for I could see that he held a grass torch, lit from a live coal he had carried in a gourd—for I picked up the gourd later. And by its light I saw the face of one whose name is now forgotten; but my father had told me that name, and that Kumtaja had whispered it to his wife when he lay dying . . .

"He laid the torch on the ground, where it still gave a faint light, and I could see him bending over the grave, and heard the sound of a hoe striking the earth. So I rushed on him and seized him. He dropped his hoe and wrestled with me—he was strong, and kicked and struck and tried to bite me—but I held him fast, and in the end I threw him down and did that for which I had come."

He explained, with a few medical technicalities.

"He lay on the ground moaning, so I left him, and by and by he crawled away. I picked up his hoe and his knife, which I found lying by the grave, and went home, taking them with me. I entered our hut before cockcrow and told my father what had befallen and slept till the afternoon. Then, when I had eaten, I went to the *bwalo*, and there I heard it said that such

an one was very sick, but I said nothing. Next morning I went to his house and said to his wife: 'Here is your husband's knife—tell him he knows where I found it.' But she looked at me as one terrified and said: 'He cannot speak.' I went in and looked at him. He lay on his mat with staring eyes, breathing like one near to death. I spoke to him, but he was as if he knew not. When I asked the woman of him, she said, trembling, 'Before the dawn he came in, crawling on his hands and knees and in much pain, but he would tell me nothing' . . .

"He died next day, having spoken to none. I had told no one of the matter, save only my father; but I think he spoke to our chief, and that one, whose name was never heard from thenceforth, was not buried according to our custom, and there was no mourning for him . . . "

"Thrown into the bush for the hyenas, I suppose," interjected Trevelyan in an undertone, intended for Fleming and the Medical Officer—but Malemya seemed to have understood.

"What was done with the body, the Chief knew, I think—and doubtless, also Mlombo the doctor and the dead man's brothers, but it was never seen after the night he died—and none spoke of him . . . "

There was a silence of some minutes, and then Malemya lifted his head and looked straight at Trevelyan.

"The matter of Njowe, who died yesterday, is even such, O Chief."

Trevelyan sat very still staring at the matting; there was no sound but the shrilling of the cicadas in the trees and the murmur of the little stream just outside the courthouse enclosure. After a while he shot a questioning glance at Fleming, who took out his pocket-book, scribbled a few lines, tore out the leaf and passed it over. Trevelyan read it with a serious face, nodded two or three times, and spoke slowly in Yao.

"Go to your village, Malemya. Che Fleming has promised me that you will stay there till I send for you, when I have considered the case. You may go now."

Malemya saluted them gravely and went.

"What do you think, Fleming? It seems to me we

can hardly treat this as an ordinary criminal case . . . 'Wild Justice' . . . and not so wild, either, as it was no mere personal revenge."

"Certainly not—and the motive rather protection of the living than the avenging of the dead. I should think if you really want my opinion . . . "

"Of course I do, my dear fellow."

"That you should explain to him that in future he must not take the law into his own hands, but report suspicious cases to the *Boma*. I think he is quite open to conviction as to the reasonableness of this, and you will find him a valuable asset on the side of law and order."

"I'll send for him to-morrow and tell him that—provided you can be on hand in case I fail to make myself clear."

"Of course I will"—Fleming swung himself out of his chair.

"I've got to be going now . . . No, thanks, not to-day"—summarily cutting short Trevelyan's invitation to stay and dine—"I've no end of work on hand."

"I'd like to know what that poison is," murmured the Medical Officer abstractedly, as he followed Fleming down the steps to his waiting mule.

"That, I think, I can get for you—if you're not in any great hurry. Good-bye."

Kenya: A Few Reflections

By the Wife of a Settler

THE attention of the British public is chiefly absorbed at present by home politics. Unemployment and Empire Trade take first place. The Indian situation and unrest in Europe come next. A few words on another subject, which touches on the racial problem in one corner of Africa—Kenya—may help people at home to understand what colonization means to the Briton who decides to break away from Home, and live his life out there.

It is the much stated belief of every Imperial Government that the British race has a mission in the world to lead, and to teach ideals of Christianity, justice and progress. How far we are right in arrogating this mission to ourselves only posterity can judge. But only by spreading the knowledge of what is happening day by day, in distant Colonies, can the stay-at-home Briton be brought to understand and sympathize with his brothers and sisters overseas.

The average Briton sets out to colonize with the idea of making a home for a wife and children, and a congenial life for himself. That is the fundamental consideration and cannot be achieved without a certain amount of material success. The ideals of Empire building and "uplifting" other races take a very secondary place in his imagination. He must be able to live without starving himself before being able to assist others. It is often a grim struggle to keep his own head above water, and this aspect of the case is often entirely overlooked.

The settler takes with him what monetary capital he may possess, and the priceless heritage of his British birthright. He sets himself down to struggle with Nature —gamble with her if you like the term better—and Dame Nature holds the bank. The would-be settler has staked his all as a rule, the work is anxious, conditions lack most of the amenities of civilized life, the loneliness is sometimes hard to bear, yet few give in and admit that they are vanquished.

Kenya came into the sisterhood of White colonies about thirty odd years ago. Like many small insignificant people she is sensitive about her position. Can we justify ourselves as leaders and teachers of the black inhabitants in this corner of the immense African

continent? Many different tribes are scattered over vast tracts of plain, bush and forest country, speaking different languages and following varying customs. Till British rule became established, the tribes lived by raiding and robbing each one his neighbour in turn. White administration has put a stop to intertribal warfare, built railways and roads, and organized medical services. In the beginning the black race was bored by the first of these innovations, slightly surprised and rebellious over the second and third, and deeply suspicious of the fourth.

Fairly frequent clashes occur nowadays between different tribes, generally on the boundaries which have been demarcated by Government between the various holders. The trouble is quickly quashed as a rule by a native police force, with white officers. The other innovations are now taken as a matter of course. There is still an attitude of rather indifferent toleration to it all; it is the white man's madness, but if he likes to do it—well, let him.

The daily demonstration of the white man's mysterious ways is the settler's portion. The native comes to work for him to see what he can get, and possibly with a tinge of curiosity. Except in rare seasons of severe famine the black man is economically secure, a position which the white colonist regards almost with envy until he has succeeded in establishing himself.

The black man has his live stock, his land, and his wives—I give them in the order of their importance. His live stock are his money, ready cash, you may say; his land grows his food, and his wives are his labourers. He can keep as many cattle, sheep and goats as he can accumulate, he can cultivate as much land as his wives can dig, he can have as many wives as he can afford to buy. The average price of a wife is, approximately, one cow, two bullocks, and thirty-six goats. Daughters, of course, are a highly valuable and marketable commodity.

This slight digression has been necessary to give the reader an insight into the conditions of the country into which the colonist enters.

The white man must hold his labour by tact, justice, interest and discipline, as there is no economic constraint on the side of the black man. At any moment if he chooses and has given due notice, he can wander back to

his home, and sit watching his women tilling the fields. So the white man depends on his own personality, aided or hindered by that of his wife, should he have one.

Here, I think, has been reached the crux of the whole problem of white settlement grafted on to the countries of Eastern Africa. What is the position of the white woman?

The principle of complete ownership by purchase of a wife is so firmly embedded in the black man's philosophy of life that he cannot understand or believe in the white man's methods of free choice and affection. The former watches with amazement and stupefaction the consideration and care with which the latter surrounds his one wife. Any black man knows that a woman is a natural beast of burden. She is capable of shouldering a load weighing from sixty to eighty pounds, with one child perched on top, and another infant in the making. She can walk like this long distances, say eight or ten miles, and needs no help. But the white man has other ideas. Once more the black man shrugs his shoulders at the white man's madness.

The white woman's prestige is the key to civilization, and our attitude on this fundamental question is the submerged rock on which inter-racial relations split. In preaching the equality of Christian brotherhood missionaries are inclined to gloss over this salient point. But, till the men of black or other coloured races admit their own women to equality of status with themselves, it is useless to preach equality with the white man. The position is too anomalous altogether. How can the white woman be the equal of the black man if she is on the same level as the black man's chattel, his wife? Why should the black man, white man and white woman be on one level, and the black woman remain as a possession to be bought and sold? A few moments thought and the utterly disastrous complications that might ensue are glaringly obvious. The white race must not, cannot lower its standards; but the black race can rise slowly and surely, we hope. If left alone, there is no mutual resentment, the two different outlooks on life are accepted quietly.

Now the white sentimentalist at home steps into the

arena with his distant black brother's welfare at heart. Let this philanthropist begin his charity at home with his white brother, many of whom stand in need of a helping hand. If this uplifter should begin his career by asking a casual loafer in the street to come with him to be ministered to in body and soul, he would probably be answered by a point-blank refusal. So, likewise, the black man—he resents what he considers impertinent interference. He thinks the white man a trifle mad, but so long as he is inoffensive, what matter?

But concerning women, any interference must be ground for profound suspicion at once, to the primitive mind.

Men of all races can work side by side with their coats off, they can play football and other games together, or walk for miles through dangers and difficulties, true comrades and friends. The white woman is in an entirely different position—she must rule black men, who by instinct and tradition consider her a thing of no account. She must teach them the daily routine of household work. (Very few black native women are permitted by their men to work individually on their own as yet.) The savage comes to work, ignorant beyond the conception of our folks at Home.

Soap! Is it good to eat? A tap! Hold a bucket underneath and perhaps water may fall in: it doesn't; perchance an evil spirit is at work to prevent it. A plate for food! Surely hands are better, they neither break nor need washing. A door! Push it; it is strong and will not move: push harder! It resists you. Why does the white woman get up from her chair muttering impatiently, then laughing? She touches something and the barrier falls back. How strange it all is!

This attitude does not last long, but such are the small beginnings. To work herself, means no loss of prestige undertaken in the right way, be it scrubbing tables, sweeping floors or making beds. That is quite a common error of thinking in many people's minds.

Then the babies! Here is ground common to all humanity; the very young are all alike. They are helpless, they are useless, they are precious! But what is this: water, cleanliness, endless trouble? No baby is worth

trouble to such an unlimited degree. Oh, but the white woman's madness is beyond all madness of the white man! All must bow to this strange god of cleanliness. Still, there may be something in it. The white babies do not die 40 out of every 100, as the black babies do. It may be something that eyes, ears and nostrils should be kept free from crawling, buzzing hordes of flies. It may be good not to let the toddlers roll about in places where they get coated over with cow-dung and filth. The white woman says it is not unlucky to pull a tiny child out of the smouldering embers of the hearth if it has accidentally crawled in. Some of them seem quite indignant about it when a burnt child is brought to them for medicine. The white people for all their odd ways will always give ointments and medicines to anyone who cares to ask for them. They insist in their curious way on the importance of water and soap; still, that can do no harm.

The white women say kind words in a strange language to fat black babies huddled under their mothers' one garment, a blanket. Oh, those blankets! Stand well to windward as you work bandaging arms and legs, fingers and toes. The smells of oil, earth, cow-dung, human sweat, and smoke are all mingled together in the blanket. Is it worse to the accustomed senses than powders, grease-paints, scents and cigarettes? We have known ourselves offended by such. Your throat contracts with the desire to be sick. Tears stand in your eyes—not sympathetic tears, I fear, but the result of controlled retching.

Black sister, white sister? Yes, of course. But let sisterly love be practical demonstration and example rather than streams of sickly sentiment written to the Press, or committees of worthy arm-chair critics laying down the law. Have we done this? Have we accomplished that? Alas! We have achieved nothing that is apparent after the closest scrutiny. Perhaps a tiny seed has been sown which, watered by the rains of Reason and Common Sense, and fanned by the breezes of Justice and Fair Play, may grow into the tree of perfect Mutual Charity—several Hundred Years Hence.

Beware, all ye gardeners of the Homeland. Refrain from digging up this seed in your childish impatience to see results, or you may only succeed in crushing it for ever.

The Settler's Son

By H. K. Derry

On the evening before John started for school his father went into the dust-covered, cobwebby office and wrote a letter to the headmaster.

His mother pushed a blanket, pyjamas, a hair brush, a clean shirt, and a pair of boots and stockings into a kit-bag and tied a label with her son's name on to it.

John himself went out and climbed the hill behind the wheat fields from which he could see everything that was familiar to him: the dingy mud erections that were the various rooms of his home; the quaking, crumbling wheat shed that had never held enough wheat to uphold it; the group of African huts that clustered like beehives inside a wavering circle of sweet potatoes and mealies; and beyond, the cloud-dappled surface of the plain, clothed with grey-brown grass for ever changing its tones, like *suède*, as the plateau wind swept over it. He knew every yard of it as far as the dark, green forested escarpment where began that mysterious outside world from which farmers and hunters occasionally came in motor cars and to which they returned as soon as they had seen the marshy, miserable soil and the spoor of no wild things more exciting than zebras and gazelles.

Secretly, John had always loved the feather-eared, donkey-like creatures that stood with turned heads and swishing tails staring at him as he ploughed through the long grass with Wongai on some hopeless, though delightful, buck hunt. But he had understood since babyhood that, innocent though they appeared, the zebra were his father's deadliest enemies, and the cause of the pinching economies which increased each year along with his mother's grey hairs and the lines round his father's sun-tired eyes.

When the sun had played its customary disappearing trick behind the hills, he climbed through the wire fence that was the settler's last trump card against the zebra, and trotted down the dust-deep road to the homestead. Firelight was flickering through the smeared windows of the sitting-room, and the round bedroom hut was

lamp-lit for the bathing of his two-year-old sister Amy. He could see his mother's distorted shadow against the flimsy "Americani" curtain as she stooped over the zinc tub. Behind the wheat shed old Karioki was crooning some crude native tune in a high falsetto as he herded the hens into the security of their barbwired fortress, and Agola was padding diligently between the kitchen and the sitting-room preparing the table for supper. To-night, for the first time, John felt conscious satisfaction at the familiarity of it all, followed by a quick stab of excitement at the contrasting obscurity of future days.

Curiosity caused him to question his parents as he champed his mother's badly-baked bread and attempted to slice the chunk of home-salted ham which his father had dumped on his plate.

"Are there only boys at the school, or will there be girls as well?"

His mother lifted her head sharply, retorted: "Ssh! Was that Amy? I thought I heard—" and then, being reassured, told him: "Both. Bound to be, in a Government school, aren't there, Hugh?"

His father grunted, noncommittally, and John essayed another point.

"Is it one big house, or lots of mud huts like this?"

His mother seemed slightly annoyed by this question. "Oh! John! Don't you remember anything in Kiparu? I pointed the school out to you on the day that you and Dad came to fetch me and Amy. It's a big stone house with a red roof and a playing field in front."

John assimilated this information in silence. Indeed, he remembered the marvellous day when his father had hired Mr. Barrence's rattling Ford and driven the nineteen rough miles to Kiparu to bring back his mother and a mysterious vociferous little thing wrapped in a white shawl which later developed into his sister Amy. But the day had been too much blurred by excitement for anything to remain clean-cut in his mind. He had a confused picture of a street alive with black and white men, motor-cars, lorries, ox waggons, mule carts; and flanked by houses with enormous windows displaying everything from cartridges and plough parts to ladies'

stockings and frocks, into which his father coolly walked without knocking. But mostly he remembered the silver knob in the middle of the steering wheel which gave the most deliciously funny shriek whenever his father pressed it, and the difficulty on the return journey of keeping himself and two large cases of groceries from sliding off the back seat as the car bumped and sidled down the sticky forest road.

Of course, he had only been six years old then. Now he was eight, very tall and grown for his age as were all living things in that clear, sun-nourished country.

He munched speechlessly for some time before presenting his next, and what turned out to be his last, question. For, unaccountably, it caused both his parents to exclaim in horror.

" Will there be some other white boys like me or will they all be natives? "

His father paused in the act of raising a forkful of ham to his mouth to ejaculate fervently : " Good Lord ! " And his mother cried out in the sharp tone which always meant that by annoying his father he had annoyed her also.

" John ! What a question ! Really, the way you talk anyone would think you'd been brought up a perfect little heathen."

She provided no answer to the question, but the implication was evident. Yet why was it unreasonable of him to doubt the conglomeration of so many white children in a land where there were always hundreds of black people to every white one? He pondered the enigma two hours later as he lay in his camp bed staring up at the thatched roof and watching a small grass snake, its scales glistening spasmodically in the shafts of moonlight, twisting in and out of the wooden beams and tearing the familiar lace-work of cobwebs obstructing its path.

In the adjoining hut, his father discussed the same problem as he bent over the enamel basin, cleaning his teeth out of the handle-less china cup.

" 'Bout time John went to school ! Suppose he hasn't had the chance of learning much out here, but some of his questions give one a shock, I must say."

John's mother was already lying in the large bed, half asleep. But, at the words, her eyes opened to show a glint of distress. She knew that she was held ultimately responsible for her son's development.

"I know. But what could we do? There's never been any time to teach him things; nor money, to take him anywhere. Anyhow, he's strong and healthy and independent.

"And Amy's taken up all my attention these last two years. I can't leave her with Agola like I did John."

To soothe her conscience she ran over in her mind the contents of the newly labelled kit-bag. Every item she knew to be clean and trim. She had never neglected her son's physical needs, at any rate. Reassured, she closed her eyes again, and sank immediately into sleep. The daily round was too exacting to allow many excursions into the realms of ambition or regret.

By six o'clock in the morning the sun had always struck the black line of trees on the escarpment top, and the zebra herds were moving slowly, feeding as they went, towards the thorn scrub bordering the river on the other side of the plain. The farm cattle lowed lugubriously as they were driven to pasture, while the hens indulged in hysteria as Karioki opened their houses and accelerated their emergence with a bamboo pole.

John slept late and was roused by Agola's black fingers pulling at his pyjama sleeve. He sat up, inquired the hour in sleepy Swahili, then swung his feet on to the crackling buckskin mat. His parents were already at breakfast when he ran through the sunshine between his bedroom and the sitting-room hut.

By the door stood the kit-bag and on top of it a haversack bulged with eatables. His mother pointed to it.

"You must wear that. Agola can't take more than the kit-bag and your blanket-bag and his own things. And, mind, no hunting or playing on the way! Agola's got to be back the day after to-morrow. It's awkward sparing him, anyhow, just now."

John nodded and slipped into his chair. A white envelope lay between his knife and fork, and he looked questioningly at his mother as he touched it. But his

father, handing him his plate of maize porridge, answered the gesture in a voice that held, astonishingly, a hint of apology.

"That's a note for the headmaster. Put it in your pocket and don't forget to give it him directly you get there. Otherwise he won't remember anything about you. I'd have taken you down myself if the ploughing was a bit further on. As things are it can't be helped."

John fitted the envelope gingerly into his breast pocket. There seemed to be something almost mysterious about this school going. Why should it even occur to his father to accompany him on this particular journey when he had allowed him to rove the whole country side with only the twelve-year-old Wongai for escort?

His growing sense of embarrassment became acute when, twenty minutes later, his father actually stooped and kissed him as he stood ready for departure, with his new felt hat on his head and the haversack between his shoulders. The hat was knocked askew as his father's prickly face touched his soft cheek, and his own shy answering kiss struck nothing but the sharp morning air. Altogether an uncomfortable moment, and he was glad when he and Agola had reached the end of the ploughed land and he could wave his last adieu to the two tall figures and the wildly gesticulating small one who stood watching his progress in the sunshine outside the dilapidated mud rooms of his home.

Once in the forest he became himself. The sun, glancing in shining shafts through the giant trees, flickered in tempting invitation to frolic across the shady, foot-beaten track. Chattering gaily, he danced beside Agola who strode, straight-limbed and stolid, with the kit-bag upon his head and his own blanket rolled across his shoulders. Agola was not quite such good company for a journey as the skinny, quick-moving Wongai, but Wongai was too weak to carry the kit and blanket bags many miles and too young to be sole attendant on any expedition not terminable by nightfall.

Except for the occasional screech and twig-cracking of an overhead monkey the forest stood inscrutably silent in the inquisitive, probing sunlight. Teeming as it

was with living, secret creatures, it always presented this innocent, blank appearance to day-time intruders, concealing its children in a cloak of impenetrable undergrowth as a hen hides chickens beneath her calm feathers. John trotted with head up-tilted, trying to see if the monkeys were blue or grey, until an obtruding tree stump threw him full length on to the cracked earth, after which he went more warily, contenting himself with imitating their unmelodious cries in the hope that they might follow some distance by their overhead route.

The sun was blazing straight into their eyes, and John's boots were dragging a little when, many hours later, they emerged on to an open hill-top, grass-covered except where straggling loops of forest festooned themselves down its steep side. Below them, under the fogging rays of the sun, a great plain lay, winking in one spot where a lake caught the lengthening shafts, blurred everywhere else in sleepy indistinction.

Not a hundred yards down the road a waggon on the upward journey had out-spanned for the night. The sixteen loosened oxen were roaming about, while the Lumbwa drivers, draped scantily in blankets, crouched over a wood fire they had kindled. On closer approach, they proved to be Mr. Barrence's men, very familiar to John, and he exchanged news with them while Agola hovered impatiently, scorning to converse with natives of a differing tribe.

At the end of another half-hour, however, they themselves halted for the night. Agola chose a little hollow close to the road where thorn trees formed slight protection and a stream ran near, and dumping his burden, he unrolled the blanket bag. It was his master's, and absurdly capacious for the child, but John immediately slid himself into it, too sleepy to be amused at its size. His lids were already drooping as he swallowed his ham sandwich and tomato, and he was dead asleep long before Agola, having lit a protecting fire and stacked branches beside it, had wrapped himself in his own blanket on the soft grass under a fast-fading sky.

Periodically, through the night hours the native roused to throw fuel on to the flames, but there was no movement from the white child except when his fair,

fine hair stirred gently as the upland wind combed through it.

John never forgot his waking on the following morning into a fresh, sun-swept world. The plain below lay clean and clear-cut under the eastern light. The distant lake was a curling blue line. Even tin-roofed Kiparu had caught romance from its virginal surroundings and stood as the mysterious magnet to which all the wilderness's white roads were running.

John spotted a red roof on a rise behind the town, and showed it excitedly to Agola.

"That is my school. Mother said it had a red roof. Let's start. Don't wait to boil the water. I don't want tea."

Agola took no notice. His primitive mind moved slowly, but it knew its appointed tasks. It was the invariable custom of the white folk to drink tea in the mornings, and customs, however strange, were sacred. He made a strong brew in his charge's enamel cup, and beat out the embers of the fire while John drank it. Then, with the kit-bag once more upon his head and the now limp-lying haversack between the child's shoulders, they set forth on the last lap of their journey.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon the headmaster of the Kiparu Government school stood gazing across parched playing fields to the road stretching between them and the ramshackle streets of the town.

Along its dusty surface two figures trudged, one full-grown, balancing a load upon his head; the other a khaki-clad child, wearing a European's wide-brimmed, tropical hat. They moved steadily, without hurry, but the child's constantly pointing arm and turning head gave an air of animation to their progress. Obviously, the school was their objective, and the master's interest deepened when, as the pair drew nearer, he could see that the white boy's features were unfamiliar to him. In such a primitive district several pupils invariably returned late for the beginning of term, and he had supposed the child to be one of these, arrived on the afternoon train.

He moved to the verandah steps and, as the visitors approached, found himself under the scrutiny of a fair,

freckled boy with dust-smeared boots, and confident, candid eyes. When they reached the steps, the native fell behind, planting his burden on the ground, while the boy dragged an envelope from his breast pocket and, still holding it, addressed the white man.

"Are you the headmaster, please?"

The headmaster smiled down into the earnest little face. "I am, and what can I do for you, my son?"

The child held out the envelope. "I've come to school. That's from my father. Please read it."

Still smiling, the white man took the envelope and tore it open. He was becoming accustomed to surprises after a two years' sojourn in this struggling country, but his voice held a hint of astonishment as he asked, after scanning the brief letter: "You have come by yourself, then?"

John nodded, unconcernedly. "With Agola, yes. He carried my luggage. But he will have to go back now. It's a good way."

"How far?" The master had almost the impression that he was conversing with a contemporary, so unself-conscious was this colonial child over his achievement.

"'Bout nineteen miles." Turning, John stretched a vague forefinger eastward towards the far line of forested hills. "Behind there. On the Wengi plateau. It takes most of a day to get through the forest. We slept just this side of it, by a stream."

"You slept—" The white man's voice was slightly incredulous. "But there are leopards and rhino and buffalo up there, aren't there? Weren't you afraid?"

He regretted the question as soon as he had spoken it. How foolish to make even the suggestion of fear to anyone who so patently had never encountered it! Of course, danger was a disregarded commonplace in the daily routine of a pioneer: it was bred in his children to be afraid of nothing whatever.

He was observing with half-amused chagrin the puzzled interrogation in his new pupil's eyes, when there broke upon the air a curious clamour, a sound as of myriad moving boots and voices. Two openings suddenly gaped in the big grey building and through them white-skinned children began to gush, shouting, capering,

running; waving curved sticks, and kicking a huge ball. They poured down the verandah steps and spilled on to the brown grass while the doorways ejected more and still more of them, the streams swelling in size and sound until they ended abruptly with the appearance of a young man and a young woman, who banged their respective doors behind them and hastened after their charges.

At the first faint notes of the clamour John had jerked his head sharply, standing intently listening, like a terrier at some gravely unfamiliar sound. As it swelled and approached, his blue eyes gradually dilated until, as the uproarious streams of children appeared, they fastened with fascinated terror upon them, while the colour ebbed from his cheeks and his breath panted through lips gone suddenly dry. He made an instinctive movement backward towards the apparently unperturbed Agola; then with a resolute inhalation, he mounted the verandah steps and slipped a clammy hand round the headmaster's arm.

Staring down at him in amused amazement, the white man took the little cold fingers in his own warm ones. He asked: "What is it? They're only boys and girls. You're not afraid of them, are you? They won't eat you! Didn't you want to come to school?"

John's stiff lips smiled politely at the jest. Yes, he was afraid; afraid with the unreasoning fear of all animate things for the unknown; as afraid as the headmaster would have been in his urban, man-jostled childhood of a herd of wild buffalo careering down the streets of his town.

He whispered: "Yes, I wanted to come. It—it's just . . ."

His voice died away. For Agola had turned and, calling a cheerful goodbye, was already striding away again up the road that led through Kiparu back to the glorious security of the uninhabited wilderness.

Fortunate Agola! John's heart gave one great lurch of intolerable longing. Then, with a stern straightening of his body, he turned resolutely to face the hazards of civilization.

Bermuda Churchyards

By Phillis Rowley

WHERE the long surges of Atlantic whiten
On coral reef and carven rocky shore,
Where sliding rays of endless summer brighten
Between the cedars on the glade's green floor—

There, sleeping on through days of stillness golden,
Through days when tempests sweep wild stormy miles,
In churchyards hid, with greenery enfolden,
Rest the quiet dreamers of the Somers Isles.

The palm-tree's plumes spring up against blue heaven;
Hibiscus burns red flames within the shade;
Sweetness of jasmine and of rose is given
Till drowsy airs more dreamy still are made.

Softly these sweet winds blow, soft fall the flowers
Of tropic red or far-strayed English bloom,
And softly pass the long uncounted hours
Here where Time's hand is stayed upon the loom.

In undertones of muted chords deep-sounding
The sea breathes music; and the trees reply,
In airy songs some ancient tale propounding,
Some tale of wonder and of days gone by.

The red-bird thrills the silence with his chatter;
Chicks-of-the-village, yellow, roguish, small,
Call from the bushes; and the ground doves patter
On coral feet upon the low grey wall.

Green moss and maidenhair are close embedded
On monuments half sunken in the grass;
And blue cups of convolvulus are threaded
Among fresh leaves—cups blue as birds that pass.

And springing from stone walls, from rocks, from ledges,
Sprouting in thick-leaved vigour all around,
The life-plant hangs its bells, eternal pledges,
The life-plant blooms again in this quiet ground.

Far, far on some tranced afternoon come stealing,
  Like fairy chimes beyond unnumbered miles,
Bells in sweet changes and wild tuneful pealing,
  To lull the dreamers of the Somers Isles.

Zanzibar

By C. Mansel Reece

I have a story: tell them,
Ere Memory grows old,
Of the ships that beat to my anchorage
From waters yet un-patrolled,
Of the men that stood in my market-place,
Bartering lives for gold.

I have a city: show them,
Those strangers happening by,
The scented loads of my island's spice,
My terraces cool and high
O'er the sun-flecked stones of my alleyways:
Teach them my hawker's cry.

Show them my island's picture,
Dark in its tropic green,
As the scarlet floods of my island's sun
Re-dapple its creepered screen,
And the dawn-sent wind through my lonely palms
Quickens their plumes serene.

I have a peace: now mark them,
How gather my friend and my foe
In the shade of my crumbled palaces,
That only the bird-calls know:
How now by my sleeping lily-pools
Quiet the Arabs go.

Erratum—In our February issue "Air Interlude," by A. E. Lloyd Maunsell, should read "An Interlude."

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

The Sham of Politics

"That was a fine speech of Snowden's," said Heddle. "I mean the one about slowing up in spending money and——"

"I read the speech," interrupted Sergeant Murphy.

"And what did you think of it?"

"I thought it the rottenest and cowardliest uttherance that anny Front Bench politician has made for years back. It shows the resthraint of Socialist members when they didn't thry to get at him with the Mace when he'd finished."

"What do you mean?" asked Heddle, in surprise. "I thought every word of it was true."

"It may have been and probably was," said the Sergeant. "But what's that got to do with it? It's thrue that the counthry has been livin' on overdhrafts and indulgin' in riochous exthravagance, but what call has a Socialist to object to that? The people that put Misther Snowden where he is want him to go right ahead squandherin' the millions, on the principle that there's always more where that came from.

"If I was Jimmy Maxton, I'd get a hair-cut so that me golden phrases wouldn't have to be filthered through me forelocks, and I'd say to the Chancellor, 'Comrade Snowden, was I only dhreamin' that a year or two back you said that Socialism was needed in ordher to solve the economic problems of the counthry? And now you're jibbin' at the only consthructive part of Socialist policy, namely, spendin' public money. Why, you deserve to be hanted be the ghost of Karl Marx for the rest of your life. The back of me hand and the sole of me foot to you for a thraitor to the cause for which so many of us have bled the counthry white.'

"I'd say that, Heddle, and mean every word of it. The first step in Socialism, accordin' to the official book of the words, is a redisthribution of the national wealth, which means no more nor less than takin' it out of the hide of the capitalist. And to find the leaders squirmin' at the task is enough to make anny honest Socialist start a private bomb facthory.

"But there's nothin' sthrange in the Socialist Front Benchers swallowin' their principles. What about the

Conservative leaders? Didn't some of them at the last Election boast that they had disthributed more loaves and fishes to the workin'-class voters than the Socialists? And what becomes of their party principles whenever old man Ghandi in Injia or some other witch docthor in Egypt shows the ugly side of his face? Why, they run to cover and agree that further concessions is necessary.

"I'm no worshipper of Winston Churchill, Heddle, but I can see why he's become the rogue elephant of the Conservative herd. He'd rather be wrong with a sthrong man than right with a jelly-fish. So he's formed a select party of wan for defence and attack.

"Then there's the Liberals, the custodians of the thraditions of Gladstone. Every time they put up a candidate for a by-election the National Liberal Club releases a gang of high-powered and high-falutin' orators who prove that the counthry's bein' brought to rack and ruin be the crazy goin's-on of Ramsay's Government. As soon as the election's over, and the Liberal candidate has forfeited his fee, as usual, the Liberal leaders *pro tem.* go into a huddle and decide to keep the Socialist Government in office.

"The result is that a simple man like Sir John Simon isn't quick-thinkin' enough to undherstand these tactics and he finds himself cold-shouldered be what scholars call his 'quondam' colleagues, though I shouldn't be surprised to hear that at odd moments he's apt to dhrop the 'quon' part.

"Do you wondher, then, that the man in the sthreet's baffled when he thries to make out what each political party stands for? It's like cheerin' a football team and then discoverin' that the players now and then start dhrivin' the ball into their own net.

"So I'm on the side of the rebels, Heddle, in all the parties. They're generally honest men who believe in their principles and see themselves bein' let down by their leaders."

"That Minister Morrison," remarked Heddle, "said the other day that he'd die in the last ditch before ever he'd agree to economy in the social services."

"He said that, did he?" replied Sergeant Murphy. "Well, he wouldn't be the first last-ditcher that when the time came wasn't ready to hedge."

The X-rays up to Nature

By Horace Shipp

Strange Interlude. By Eugene O'Neill. (Lyric Theatre).
The Silver Box. By John Galsworthy. (Fortune Theatre).
Precious Bane. By Edward Lewis from the novel of Mary Webb. (Embassy Theatre).

MR. EUGENE O'NEILL is one of those dramatists who refuse to stay neatly in a category. Each new play from his pen is an experiment, and even when the experiment is a success he does not exploit it. The "straight" method of *Anna Christie;* the expressionism of *The Hairy Ape;* the impressionism of *The Emperor Jones;* the symbolism of *Marco Millions;* or the Pirandello-with-masks of *The Great God Brown;* each has necessitated that we should readjust our minds to the theatre and to O'Neill's work. *Strange Interlude* comes with a new challenge. It is extraordinarily long—playing for five hours—and it uses as definite part of its dramatic scheme the soliloquy and aside, so that the utterances of the characters stand over against the continual revelation of their real thoughts. The idea of the contrasted private and public selves links the drama with *The Great God Brown,* and obviously offers possibilities of a new fluidity and a revealing stagecraft.

It is not, therefore, lightly to be dismissed. Nor is it lightly to be accepted—as it has been by some critics—as merely the old aside revived. That, save in the hands of Shakespeare, tended to be a somewhat clumsy device, an effort to gather up a loose edge of idea which lay outside the acting and orthodox dialogue. As such it was rightly scorned by the dramatists as they brought their work more in accordance with naturalism. To-day we have tended in many art-forms to pass beyond external naturalism and to be concerned with various forms of subjectivity, and this play of O'Neill's belongs to that movement. Thus his use of asides is not the clumsiness of a writer who could not say all he needed for his story in the confines of usual speech, but deliberate counterpoint of objective and subjective for the sake of its revelation and dramatic value.

The test of the technical method of *Strange Interlude* is whether he succeeds in widening our understanding

of his characters by this means. My own stricture upon the play is not that he has used the aside, but that having attempted it, he has not used it to its full power. He has handicapped himself by presenting an objective play of such dramatic interest and intensity that towards the end he almost forgets to utilize the new technique. It is noteworthy that the first act contains much more soliloquy than the later ones: the drama evidently runs away with the technical experiment. Nevertheless, his use of the method is often supremely justified either as drama or as poetry, magnificently giving the surprise and conflict of the one or the exaltation in thought and language of the other. Such a moment comes when the woman communes with her secret heart whilst she tells her husband that her lover's child is his; loving her husband maternally, loving her unborn child, worshipping the great Mother-God her imagination has created, and remembering her afternoons with her lover, what time her lips assure the husband that she will try to make him happy. This was great drama on any plane, and fully justified O'Neill's experiment.

At other moments the form tended to be confusing without adding more to our knowledge than skilful acting and orthodox dialogue could have done. Then we fell back upon the power of this story of the cycle of a passionate woman's loves and her conflicting loyalties; that for her killed lover which crushed her love for her father who had come between them; the promiscuous giving of herself to wounded men as reparation for her denial of herself to the dead man; her acceptance of safety in the person of the man she marries, and the revelation that hereditary lunacy in his family forbids their having a child; her acceptance of a lover who will give her a child and her subsequent secret passion for him; her love for her child until the years bring him to man's estate and send him to the arms of another woman; and the full circle of her love when, her husband dead, her boy gone, her lover grown weary, she turns for peace to the friend of the family who has always stood in her mind with a love like her father's. It is a brilliant study of human living and loving. Even though it is "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," as Freud or Jung

would have thought it to be, *Strange Interlude* is an amazing, a lovely and a provocative play which must be seen by everybody who loves the theatre.

Then, watching Nancy Price acting as Mrs. Jones in Galworthy's *The Silver Box* under the auspices of the People's Theatre at the Fortune, I was tempted to agree with those who say that the aside is superfluous in drama. She gives a masterly performance, and with the terrible economy of words of the "silent people who have not spoken yet" she shows us this woman's soul. Her stillness, her inarticulateness are her language. There are moments when one trembles lest she should make a theatrical gesture which would destroy the reality she has created; but she never lets the part down for a moment. This is great acting. Alongside it one would mention the clever performance of Martin Walker's Jack Barthwick. His is much more uneven, but there are subtle moments in it which make it worthy to stand in the same play as Nancy Price. On this point of acting and at the other extreme stood Mabel Russell's happily brief appearance as The Unknown Woman, a dreadful display of obviousness which the producer should have curbed.

The revival of this fine play of Galsworthy's is also a revival of my hopes in the People's Theatre. It is their play: strong, dramatic, full of fine social thinking and opportunities for good acting. Standing for the best in the theatre, I had been disappointed in the first choice of this big democratic venture; but this production and the announcement of new plays by English dramatists among their forthcoming events rallies one to their standard. The crowded house betokened the success of their policy.

One other theatre scheme which is working towards success by means of a subscription membership entitling supporters to seats at cheaper prices is that at the Embassy at Swiss Cottage. The production there of a dramatization of Mary Webb's great novel was a tragic masterpiece, and one hopes that this will be seen again on the West End stage when some more than usually banal social comedy fails and so makes room for this terrible little encounter with destiny.

Books

VIRGIL APPRECIATED

THE ÆNEID. Edited, with Introduction and Commentary, by J. W. MACKAIL. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 18s.

IT might be thought that English scholarship had already done all that is necessary for Virgil. This is not so; there are no editions by modern English scholars of the "Lives of Virgil" and the commentary of Servius, both essential for Virgilian study, though Warde Fowler and other editors have of late done valuable work on various Books of the Æneid. Oxford might see to these deficiencies and meanwhile has produced an admirable aid to the understanding and relishing of the Æneid in Dr. Mackail's introduction and text with footnotes. He gave a lecture at the bi-millenary celebrations and is well known for his writings on a favourite subject. His prose translation of the Æneid is the best we have in English. Conington's commentary no older reader of Virgil can despise, but the gods did not make this sound scholar poetical, and it is evident that both in taste and research his work is not now adequate.

The plain statement of Servius is often preferable to the loads of erudition since gathered by commentators. Dr. Mackail's notes are always to the point and laudably brief. He makes no list of varying views; he gives us his own, which is as likely to be right as anybody's—more likely, indeed, when poetic taste and feeling decide the issue. Sometimes a sense of rhythm suggests one rendering rather than another.

We have to realize that Virgil was not satisfied with his work, and Dr. Mackail points to many passages which are incomplete or awkward in their setting. These might have been omitted or revised, if the poet had lived to polish again lines already full of "golden sayings, gold well worthy of immortal life." It is a relief thus to regard as not final several passages in which Virgil is not at his best. Considered as an epic concerned with noble action, the Æneid is evidently hampered by the limitations of Æneas and by Virgil's gifts as an antiquarian, which, however attractive to specialists in Roman archæology, often delay tediously the advance of the story. Many "guide-book" passages leave us cold. To emphasize the streaks on the tulip is not the way to great poetry; to explain how the petals came to be what they are is a quest equally unprofitable for the Muse. Virgil has real gifts of description and narrative and praises most nobly the greatness of Rome; but his main significance to-day does not lie there. It lies in his gift of pity and compassion and yearnings after immortality—in passages like *Sunt lachrymæ rerum*, which, fearing, perhaps, that its beauty might be overlaid by controversy, Dr. Mackail leaves without a word of annotation.

He aims at elucidating meaning, structure and poetic quality, not linguistic points. He has not, however, neglected these last, as appears from his appendix on Virgil's unusually free and sometimes vague use of the ablative. He supplies an excellent note on the changes of meaning in *aura*.

He supports against commentators Virgil's fidelity to Nature and gives delightful parallels in English poetry, noting that Milton, Virgil's best scholar, took over his practice of continuing a line, when it might end the sense, with a superflux of rhythm. More might be added from English poets. The simple explanation of the cry of Nisus, ix, 430, was followed by Byron :—

He only loved too well his hapless friend.

The commentary is not complete. *Dis aliter visum* has no note, and ii, 501 and 506 are awkward enough together to suggest that revision was intended. But Dr. Mackail has done full justice to Virgil the consummate artist who "has given expression, once for all, to many of our highest thoughts and most profound emotions." An Oxford scholar once told the world that a friend of his, an early lover of Virgil, had gained his first class and lost for ever his enjoyment of the Æneid. This book is the true antidote against the pedantries of teachers and grammarians.

V. R.

FICTION

THE LONG ROBE. By M. MELVILLE BALFOUR. Eric Partridge. 7s. 6d.

THIS is an attractive essay in historical fiction. The writer, having obviously made considerable research among authorities for the London Restoration period, political, legal, social and civic, has constructed a vivacious figure of Sir George Jeffreys as Common Serjeant which, however related to fact, is at least conceivable. Jeffreys fills the chief part in a mainly imaginary drama, sufficiently charged with ambition, treason, revelry, jealousy and dissimulation, tempered by fidelity, kindness and patriotism. Mingled with such notorious personalities as Shaftesbury, Buckingham, Russell, Louise de Kéroualle and "Old Rowley" himself, we encounter others who blend easily in the general story. Of the mainly imaginary characters the most agreeable, for many readers, must be Jeffreys's little daughter Sally, a bright invention of which any novelist might be proud. City life of the age, whether near the Guildhall or the Temple Church, is skilfully reproduced. The conversations are unusually probable, and several scenes in palace, parlour, chambers, tavern or garden are essentially dramatic. There is a lively play of

To-day we are witnessing the greatest change in values ever experienced in the history of trading. All commodities are affected.
In advertising, the days of pretty pictures, threadbare arguments and stereotyped "layouts" are over, and only by means of advertisements which are vital, original and logical can the manufacturer obtain full value for his money.
We produce such advertising.

H. St. G. Ogden Ltd.,
Registered Practitioners in Advertising, Mitre House, 177, Regent Street, London, W.1. Telephone Regent 7729, 7730, 0889.

wits, and such dulness as there is forms part of the comedy of characterization. A pleasing love-story, free from Restoration tendencies, takes a consistent share in the development.

THE MISTED MIRROR. By HENRY DANIEL-ROPS. Translated by R. H. MOTTRAM. Secker. 7s. 6d.

MR. MOTTRAM, whose translation of "L'Ame Obscure" reads very well, insists in his Preface that it is important to realize the fundamental differences of outlook between French and British "as a means to permanent friendship and co-operation." With the generation of M. Daniel-Rops and his hero, Blaise Orlier, a schoolboy just too young to be called up for the war, "we have to ensure the future of Europe and hence of the civilized world." We see the young Orlier doing very well at a clerical school but disgracing himself by getting out of it at night and later rejecting religion to find temporary satisfaction in a series of affairs with girls. He rejects even his final chance of happiness with a noble girl who loves him, because he cannot speak out and is profoundly self-centred. He appears to live only on the surface; he hugs a formless melancholy which is pure self-indulgence. He can hardly, however, be regarded as a normal boy, since he has no mother and achieves very little confidence with a silent father who

has come out of the East with impaired health. What will such a young man, when he is forty, think of France and national problems? Will he acquire any strong interest in political issues? We have not the least idea. The last section of the book is headed "The Spirit that always denies" after Mephistopheles in *Faust*. The hero is given credit for the determination to drive every mental and physical process to its logical conclusion. But he hardly seems to us to do that; he is not honest with himself. His story is well told but very depressing.

THE GLASS KEY. By DASHIELL HAMMETT. Knopf. 7s. 6d.

THIS is a story, like "The Maltese Falcon," of American crooks and American slang is displayed in the same vivid manner, while no pains are spared to make the descriptions of the characters picturesque. The hero, a gambler attached to a political boss in New York, is long-suffering in taking punishment from the hired assassins of another boss and effective in his courage and subtle understatement of his views.

The main mystery is the murder of a Senator's son, which leads to a surprise at the end. When the hero's boss hears of this death in a gutter, he simply asks, unruffled, "Is that so?" The District Attorney is nervously subservient to the boss who is going to win the next election, and the world of political corruption and "speakeasies" in which the story moves is utterly unscrupulous and callous about human life. Such villainy, however, may be quite usual to the latest controllers of American cities. The shifting melodrama certainly leads to an exciting series of suspicions, pursuits, attacks and escapes.

DRAMA

THE APPLE CART. By BERNARD SHAW. Constable. 5s.

SHAVIAN drama has settled down into a routine: first we see it in the theatre and are allowed a hundred guesses at what it is all about, then the book appears with a preface which gives the answer to the riddle and demonstrates how wrong we were. The publication of "The Apple Cart," with its preface upon Democracy and allied matters, puts right those who accused the author of treachery to that political faith. In truth this preface is rather more provocative than profound, and more elusive than elucidative. The play, however, taken in conjunction with this preface, reiterates certain of Shaw's basic ideas. It is anti-romantic, attacking alike the romanticism of royalism and that of democracy, and taking a side-tilt at the romanticism of sex in a fascinating interlude. It stresses the importance of leadership and the men born to lead. It asserts that men make

DEMOCRACY ON TRIAL

A Preface to an Industrial Policy

By The Rt. Hon. THE LORD EUSTACE PERCY, M.P.

An examination of the present position of Parliament, with a plea for a closer relationship between the machinery of Government and Industry. A constructive survey of a question which is occupying many people's minds at the present moment. 7s. 6d. net.

BOOM IN FLORIDA

By T. H. WEIGALL

An account of the extraordinary conditions existing in Florida during the land-boom of 1924–25 as seen by a young Englishman forced into that seething cauldron of over-night millionaires realtors, city promoters, etc. It is a vivid story of one of the most spectacular financial bubbles in history. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net.

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD LTD., VIGO STREET, W.1

institutions and not vice versa. It attempts to examine the world problem of methods of government, and concludes—as Shaw always would conclude—that, given the man strong enough to take the helm, it does not matter much what flag he is sailing under. Democracy and Dictatorship are almost interchangeable terms, and kings among men remain kings among men whether the royal standard or the red flag floats over the throne.

Happily, Shaw can project these abstract ideas incarnate in extremely diverting characters, and "The Apple Cart" is full of good humour. Not one of his best plays, and certainly one of his least logical; but the ideas in it demand attention.

THE SHADOW OF HENRY IRVING. By HENRY ARTHUR JONES. With a Frontispiece by MAX BEERBOHM. Richards Press. 6s.

THE author, as his daughter explains in the Preface, was not able, owing to ill-health, to finish this essay, but his rough notes show the line he would have taken. He had a constant acquaintance with Irving during the last twenty years of his life, but did not reach close friendship. Thus he was able, he claims, to reach a more detached view than intimates or biographers writing with a feeling of personal loss which disturbs the judgment. The time has now come for a freedom impossible to earlier critics,

WHAT THE CRITICS SAY OF

PALIMPSEST

Poems by HORACE SHIPP

No inferior utterance. A poet of plain sincerity.—Humbert Wolfe (*Observer*).

A Book of beauty.—Roger Pippett (*Daily Herald*).

His work is full of tenderness.—Richard Church (*Spectator*).

I have higher expectation of Horace Shipp than of most of our younger poets.—St. John Adcock.

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS 5/- SAMPSON LOW

and the Preface quotes Ellen Terry's view that the book is penetrating and just. The present reviewer remembers an obituary by an intimate who described Irving's personality as "Mephistophelean," an adjective softened by the Editor to "Machiavellian." None of Irving's portraits, according to the author, is satisfactory, for none gives "the sly impishness, the laconic mockery, and grim diablerie that were the underwoof of his character," a description that endorses the rejected adjective of the intimate. After a subtle contrast between Coquelin and Irving, the latter's reserve, personal dignity and pontifical manner are declared to be a pose wholly justified in its assumption as a bulwark against the English suspicions of the stage. Irving raised the status of the actor and won the general confidence of religious folk without any sacrifice of his own independence or artistic convictions. This was a real advantage for the stage, but one difficult to realize to-day, when religion and something like a select "Society" do not occupy the place they did. Irving backed the grand manner, too, with a princely generosity.

As for his choice of plays, Matthias in *The Bells* remains as his leading part and here, says the author, he beat Coquelin and made out of raw material a great tragic figure. In his Shakespearian work the "most marked features were his own rather than the author's." But even where he was judged to have failed, he fascinated. The notes for the last chapter indicate strong objections to the dominance of the actor-manager, who leaves the dramatist in a wholly subordinate position. The "aftermath of Irving" is that leading actors are enabled to play Shakespearian parts for which they are known not to be suited.

The book is not long, 100 pages odd, but full of points well stated, while Max's caricature is delightful. It has the ironic eye which is missing in the charming portrait by Millais.

POETRY

POEMS; 1914–1930. By EDMUND BLUNDEN. Cobden-Sanderson. 10s. 6d.

AMONG poets Mr. Edmund Blunden stands primarily for the English pastoral tradition which has always had such great place in our poesy. It may be that this arises from the happy circumstances of his receiving the Hawthornden Prize for "The Shepherd" in 1922; but this collected volume of his writing reveals how faithful he has been to this poetry of the English countryside and its simple folk. When he went to Japan, he took England in his heart and wove his verses out of his nostalgia; when he went to the war, his mind stayed brooding on the old simplicities.

There is, therefore, an extraordinary unity about Mr. Blunden's work. Its technique echoes the simplicity of its themes; and at moments we are tempted to believe that this too easy rhyming and simple statement of common things trips too readily on the tongue, and that he has unwisely obeyed the quatrain from Prior which he puts on his title page:

> 'Tis not how well an Author says,
> But 'tis how much, that gathers praise;
> Thus each should down with all he thinks,
> As Boys eat Bread, to fill up Chinks.

When the mood is pastoral,

WANTED RARE BOOKS

Owners desiring to sell privately should communicate with

Mr. Frank Hollings

who has a large clientele of Colonial, European, and American purchasers waiting for first editions of:

DOYLE. Study in Scarlet. Beeton's Xmas Annual (1887).
DOYLE. Sign of Four, 1890.
DOYLE. White Company, 3 vols., 1891.
DOYLE. Return of Sherlock Holmes, 1905.
HEWLETT. Forest Lovers, 1898.
BULLEN. Cruise of the Cachalot, 1898.
HOUSMAN. Shropshire Lad, 1896.
RAMAL. Songs of Childhood, 1902.
WELLS. Love and Mr. Lewisham, 1900.
LAWRENCE. White Peacock, 1911.
LAWRENCE. Sons and Lovers, 1912.
LAWRENCE. Rainbow, 1915.
GRAHAME. Wind in the Willows, 1908.
TOMLINSON. Sea and the Jungle, 1912.
MANSFIELD. German Pension, n.d.
McFEE. Casuals of the Sea, 1916.
STEPHENS. Crock of Gold, 1912.
MAUGHAM. Human Bondage, 1915.
WOOLF. Voyage Out, 1915.
WOOLF. Kew Gardens, 1919.
BURKE. Limehouse Nights, 1916.
STRACHEY. Eminent Victorians, 1918.
WILLIAMSON. Beautiful Years, 1921.
WILLIAMSON. Dandelion Days, 1922.
MOTTRAM. Spanish Farm, 1924.
FREEMAN. Joseph and his Brethren, 1926.

Generous prices paid for copies in clean sound condition, and in the original binding. Catalogue of Wanted Books sent post free on request.

FRANK HOLLINGS BOOK SHOP
7 Great Turnstile, London, W.C. 2.
Established 1890. Phone: Holborn 8104.

however, none better than Mr. Blunden can satisfy a reader's need. Sanity, sweetness, and calm flow through these verses, and though one school of critics demanding more turbulent urban music would call this "village idiocy in poetry," there will always be place for beauty which belongs to existence lived near the soil. This is Mr. Blunden's province, and this collection of his poetry proves him worthy to reign in it.

H. S.

PHANTASY AND OTHER POEMS. By ETHEL ARCHER. The Vine Press. 3s. 6d.

THIS short book shows distinction. The author has a style and imagination which lend grace to her country sights and scenes, and she is a mystic, as true poets should be :—

> All things a manner of our mode of seeing,
> And Love the quest and answer to our being.

Her command of effective words appears in such a phrase as

> When sweet-browed Solitude reveals
> The April-radiance of her face.

An intricate rhyme-pattern is well carried out in "Sleep." Here and there one fears that the gift for sensuous words and images is leading the author away. This is most evident, however, in the early Rhapsody of "The Felon Flower." The later pieces are controlled by a philosophy which seeks beyond colour and sound the mystery and meaning of life. So, when Christ on the Cross welcomes the dying thief, the poem continues :—

> O miracle of miracles sublime,
> That all created things should sink to climb!
> O mystery incarnate of the soul,
> That dies but to be born anew.

The book shows an unusual range of thought and is free from the jolting obscurities which seem to make some modern reputations.

THE IMMATURE DRAGONFLY

THE AQUATIC (NAIAD) STAGE OF THE BRITISH DRAGONFLIES (PARANEUROPTERA). By WILLIAM JOHN LUCAS. The Ray Society. 25s.

"IF organic evolution had stopped with insects, it would still have been a succession of achievements that angels might desire to look into. The entomologist watches by the most copious fountain of wonder in the world—a well of surprises for eye and intellect." Whether Sir J. Arthur Thomson* was thinking of dragonflies when he wrote these words we do not know, but he might have been. Anyone who has watched the passing of a dragonfly from the lower to the higher world, the transformation

* "The System of Animated Nature," Vol. II., p. 545.

THE TRUTH ABOUT CANCER

Issued by the BRITISH EMPIRE CANCER CAMPAIGN

Foreword by the MARQUIS OF READING.

"Of immense national importance."—*Daily Mail.*

"A valuable public service."—*Morning Post.*

2/6 net

LONDON **JOHN MURRAY**

of the ugly, gnome-like creeping thing into a splendid child of light, will agree that Professor Thomson has not exaggerated. If a non-entomological person came across a naiad waiting emergence and went away for a time and came back to find a creature all shining wings and colour, he would never believe that the one came from the other, or indeed that there could be any relation between them. Yet in this wonder daily enacted before them during summer country people have not been interested enough to find a popular name for a single species of dragonfly. Names in gross they have—"horse-stingers" and "horse-adders"—because, apparently, dragonflies do not sting. Collectors are legion, but they have added little or nothing to the scientific knowledge of their spoil.

If the *imago*, which is conspicuous and in the sun, is thus neglected, it is not strange that the naiad, which is ugly, obscure and lives in dark places under water, should be ignored. The Ray Society does well to make these naiads the subject of this volume, and exceedingly well in its choice of a writer. Mr. Lucas was the best possible man. A well-known authority on British dragonflies, he is able to illustrate his own books and to write them in English, which most scientists cannot do. A book on the larvæ or naiads of dragonflies was much wanted, and this volume will fill the gap. No work on Nature can be exhaustive but this monograph goes a long way towards completeness. Its plan is good. After a brief and useful Introduction, there is a table broadly differentiating the naiads of the two great sub-orders—the *Anisoptera* and the *Zygoptera* (the large and small dragonflies). Then we have a similar table for the naiads under the title "Families," followed by a "Key to the species" which gives differentiating points of every species. These tables will put anyone who wants to place a naiad well on his way. Then,

having hypothetically identified his insect with a particular species, he would look out that species among the detailed descriptions that make up the body of the book. If with the help of the excellent plates he still cannot identify his specimen, he must be pretty dull. The plates are so good that there is some danger of the student using them as a short cut to the species. A full description with drawing is given of every species, barring one or two doubtfully British. After this comes a word on the material used—very important information which not every naturalist is honest enough to disclose. Then follow "Notes" on the naiad—for us the most interesting part of the book. The question of the duration of the naiad stage is far from settled. Mr. Lucas gives all the *Anisoptera* over one year and probably over two. We should say he was right; but only rearing naiads from the egg largely can clear up this point. We have found fully grown larvæ of *Cordulegaster Annulatus* in September and we have found small, not more than quarter grown larvæ of the same species in the same stream in May. The large ones caught in September will not emerge till the June following. How did they come to be full-grown many months before they could emerge? Do they merely mark time for the remaining period under water?

Mr. Lucas has some very interesting remarks on the ecdysis of the naiad, the withdrawal from a skin which no longer fits. To observe the process seems hardly so difficult as he would have us think. It is probably approaching when naiads which habitually live in the mud come out to the surface. Once we observed a naiad rapidly raising itself on its toes and letting itself down again, or it may have been forcibly striking the bottom with its body. Was not this in view of ecdysis?

Does the naiad prefer live food or can it see a moving object but hardly one which is still? Observation shows that it approaches a moving worm, but waits when it is still, and strikes when it moves again.

MEMOIR AND REMINISCENCE

THE CONFESSIONS OF A VAGABOND. By CHRIS MASSIE. Sampson Low. 8s. 6d.

> . . . . I have inhabited doss-houses, workhouses, prisons, sanatoria and occupied rooms at expensive hotels. I have dined at the Savage Club with literary gentlemen and with savages at a common lodging-house. I share with Lafcadio Hearn the doubtful distinction of having slept in a scrapped boiler . . .

OUT of that life in the underworld of our civilization Chris

THE MUSEUM GALLERIES

7, HAYMARKET, S.W. 1.

When you are in the vicinity you will find great interest in a visit to THE MUSEUM GALLERIES and to their Studios at 53, Short's Gardens, Drury Lane, where you will see fine examples of Old Master Paintings and Water Colour Drawings, included in the latter being some choice works by Thomas Rowlandson, Modern Water Colour Drawings of Paris by Cecil King, Cathedral Towns of England by A. J. Meyer, and Landscapes by Tatton Winter. Also fine examples of Artist Proof Mezzotint and Stipple Engravings, and Original Etchings.

Massie has made a book which is one of the most amazing and—for all its terror and hideousness—beautiful of human documents. Every phrase of tragic living is here: the thief, the prostitute, the beggar, the unfortunate, the wastrel; and, observed by one as desperate as themselves, they live for us through his pen. "We are the consumptive Grimaldis, the hapless Artemus Wards," he can write, "making amusement of our own wretchedness. What does it matter? Tragedy is marketable, and modesty has her living to get."

So with a detachment which is never cynical and a sympathy which is never sentimental Chris Massie has given us this picture of his life. It abounds with good stories of celebrities and nonentities, relieving thus its tragedy. It indicts a hundred things which we who live nearer the unstable crests of society tend to take for granted. It speaks with dignified gratitude of the many who have tried from time to time to place a barrier of respectability between the author and his own *daemon*, including Austin Harrison, who was among the first to recognize the literary power of the author, accepting his work for the ENGLISH REVIEW. This book is one of the fine, sincere things which come straight out of the experience of passionate living.

THE PERSONAL PAPERS OF LORD RENDEL. Benn. 18s.

LORD RENDEL was the "member for Wales" and well-known as the intimate of Gladstone and a master of princely hospitality.

It appears that he made many memoranda of his talks and now, seventeen years after his death, these have been edited by Mr. F. E. Hamer, whose name, rather oddly, does not appear on the title-page. Lord Rendel entered Parliament in 1880 and the period he covers is amply represented in memoirs, but his reminiscences of "Mr. G," as his colleagues called him, talking at ease and at leisure on all sorts of subjects, are decidedly interesting. They show us the real man more agreeably than Lord Morley's ponderous biography. The aged statesman retained his keen interest and his memory. In 1895, "he enjoyed telling of Keate of Eton over his tea." On Sundays, Keate read a short passage from Blair's sermons and made a few general remarks, chiefly of an objurgatory character:

> Whenever he said anything of which the boys did not approve, they made a great inarticulate noise called "booming"—a humming, hooting noise which Mr. G. reproduced with much spirit and made with closed mouth and immovable countenance. Keate was wise enough never to notice this noise.

Gladstone's pious assurance of his own rectitude and wonder at the wicked ways of the other side is now so familiar that it has ceased to be irritating. He spoke very highly of Chamberlain's debating powers and remarked that he was like Crispi in having no love for Nature. Archbishop Tait he found an admirable speaker and a very poor preacher, but so large of heart that he recognized Bishop Wilberforce as the real Primate of the Church of England. Gladstone believed in "five minutes reading" at odd intervals. He thought gambling worse than drinking, but was doubtful as a judge of wine. Once he had decided to have no more but the butler's indignant repetition of the word "Burgundy" led to a meek surrender. His objection to tipping boys was probably due to the fact that he had never got any tips himself. He liked repartees, but did not appreciate the excellent ones chosen by the taste of Tennyson as supreme.

Lord Rendel's judgments of politicians throughout are shrewd, though his likes and dislikes are evidently limited by party spirit. He was much disappointed with the caution and inaction of Rosebery, a brilliant speaker and writer who induces the comment, "Surely phrase-making is one of the curses of English political life." Morley was bitterly offended by Rosebery's chaff, which a man of humour would not have treasured up for remembrance. The simple vanity of John Burns and the kindliness of "C. B." appear pleasantly. There are not many surprises, but one of them is the idea in 1892 of the shy historian Lord Acton that

Gladstone should put him in the Cabinet. The index is useful but not exhaustive.

AL CAPONE: THE BIOGRAPHY OF A SELF-MADE MAN. By F. D. PASLEY. Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.

THIS vivid book is by a Chicago journalist whose dialect suits its astonishing theme. It exposes the demoralizing effects of Prohibition on drink purveyors, on officials—from justices to policemen—who make a practice of not convicting them, and on humbugging politicians. Since 1920 more than 500 men in Chicago have died in "gangster slayings," but Al Capone, though "the most shot-at man in America," survives and was credited a while since with the command of 107 million dollars. In Chicago he used an armoured car with a convoy in front. His dominance meant the destruction of rivals attacked with touring cars and guns firing 600 shots a minute. One of the dead, a Pole named Weiss, invented the process of "taking for a ride," which has also become popular. Capone may be generous in private life and a master of "spaghetti chefery" but there was no doubt about his ruthless efficiency when his control of liquor was threatened. The long list of murders makes very depressing reading, and it is evidently long odds against a gangster being seriously punished in Chicago. The law has simply failed to do its duty and Capone was openly stated to have subscribed to the fund for making "Big Bill" Thompson Mayor in 1927. By a strange irony he was imprisoned in Philadelphia for merely carrying a gun. Since he left Chicago, several places in the United States have ejected him, but he has now established himself at Miami.

Gangsters keep the rule not to give the names of those who shoot them, and this helps in the evasion of justice, but one wonders why in plain cases of guilt convictions are not secured. The answer is that Chicago is a "five-to-one wet" city, and so the farce of Prohibition makes murder and strong drink commonplace. Vice is also a side-line, here called "skulduggery," which is a variant or a mistake for the Scottish "skulduddery." Italians play a leading part in these affairs and several presidents of the influential Unione Sicilione have been murdered, one in 1929 by men who were eating and drinking with him. "Slayers not apprehended," wrote the coroner, as usual.

Mr. Pasley learnt much, he tells us, from his friend Jingle, the journalist on the *Tribune* whose murder made such a sensation. It has come out since that Jingle was not a straight journalist, but occupied an important position in the underworld which brought him money he could not otherwise command.

TRAVEL

AFRICA VIEW. By JULIAN HUXLEY. Chatto and Windus. 15s.

IN 1929 Mr. Huxley went out to East Africa to advise upon native education, and this book is one of the results. To the criticism that only four months in the country is not enough he replies that into those four months he has "crammed whole cargoes of vital experiences." Even so, we may admire the confidence which in the last chapters decides the best way out of several difficult issues between black and white and denounces General Smuts's ideas of land and settlement policy in East Africa as "a curious and undesirable compromise."

The main part of the book is an attractive mixture of personal reminiscence, education and school visiting, and science which looks far enough ahead to be optimistic. The author sees rightly that the best education means development, not what the teacher would like to teach so much as what the pupil can profitably learn. Missionaries apparently still encourage, or even insist on, the wearing of European clothes among the boys and girls in their schools. He explains the riot of red flowers by the fact that birds are sensitive to red, to which bees are not attuned. To them red is no more than blackness, while it attracts sun-birds, honey-eaters and humming birds. One illustration shows the gall of a Gall Acacia inhabited by ants which keep away other insect enemies. The exact sequence of cause and effect, as in the myrmecophilous plants of Queensland, is still dubious. Africa is a paradise for the keen biologist, who has plenty of very important work to do, but what is being done is, says Mr. Huxley, not enough, because there is a lack of qualified men. The war against the tsetse fly is very interesting. It always makes for moving objects, and thus collects on cars to be transported by motorists to uninfected districts. There is a fly patrol with miniature nets to prevent this, but white motorists often refuse to stop for native "fly-boys." In the chapter on "Kilimanjaro" Mr. Huxley reports from an anthropologist the curious detail that one tribe on the plains regards twins as very unlucky and leaves them to die in the bush. A tribe on the scarp above has no such prejudices and takes over the twins exposed at definite spots and brings them up as its own. These are specimens of the interesting detail Mr. Huxley has got into his attractive book. A survival of social tradition is the fact that ladies are still flattered by touts with the name of "Mrs. Langtry."

Mr. Huxley sees Central Africa as "the one major region of the world still free to achieve a new civilization without destroying the old," and England as the country with the greatest opportunity to help in such a future. Enthusiasm is needed for the task,

since we know how much recognition real Empire workers can expect from England.

A Flight from Cairo to Cape Town and Back. By Air-Commodore C. R. Samson. Benn. 15s.

This record of a "Service Routine" flight of 1927 is not so thrilling as war adventures in the air, since it lacks the excitements of glorious uncertainty in defence and attack. But it is all the more a credit to the author, the leader of the four aeroplanes that crossed and recrossed Africa, that plans were maintained and serious mishaps avoided. This was the result of forethought and careful preparation.

Though the aeroplanes were of a new type, they did not arrive in time for thorough tests and several radical alterations had to be made in important features. No fewer than 30,000 gallons of petrol were placed on the route. The party had, however, no parachutes, though for an awkward 120 miles no landing was possible. Proper landing-places are all-important in such a venture, and the author circled round aerodromes to find the best chance of a safe descent. 107 miles an hour was the average speed on the way out and 108 on the return. The pilots were evidently first-class, and one of them, who was left behind in bad weather, arrived safely in spite of collapse from illness:—

> It was without question a wonderful exhibition of real airmanship, pilotage, and, if I may be allowed to say so, "sheer guts" . .

Of the sights seen from the air the Victoria Falls on the Zambezi impressed him most. They are free from the engine-houses which go with the making of electric power, and will probably remain so for some time, as the Victoria Falls and Transvaal Power Company finds steam-driven stations more practical.

The author, whose death we regret to notice since writing this, was great in the air but not a master with the pen. The style of the book is poor. Phrases like "Rumour hath it" and "As per usual" may pass in journalism of the cheap sort, but should not appear in a book. A revising hand would have cleared away some clumsy English.

The photographs, "Royal Air Force Official," are striking, particularly the view of a large herd of elephants.

GENERAL

An Introduction to Persian Art. By Arthur Upham Pope. Peter Davies. 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d.

The magnificent Exhibition of Persian Art at Burlington House was due very largely to the work of Mr. Arthur Upham Pope, the Director of the American Institute for Persian Art. It was he who suggested it, and we believe that much of the burden of the organization devolved upon him. To these services

he has added that of writing a book upon the subject which is a model of lucidity. Often it is difficult for a scholar and a specialist to adjust his mind to the fact that his audience is almost entirely unacquainted with the subject, but Mr. Pope has given us a book which presumes this, and yet avoids the defect of too pronouncedly "talking down" to its readers. His method has been that of dividing his enormous subject into the separate crafts, and then treating each chronologically with the thoroughness of his great authority, adding a chapter or two at the end upon formative elements and other abstract aspects. If one has any critical stricture, it is that he has arbitrarily begun his study at the seventh century A.D., when so much which was exquisite and important belongs to the earlier periods. He is not very strict, however, in keeping to the period his title-page prescribes, and sketches in the beginnings which led up to this Sasanian period.

The book with its excellent plates is an invaluable handbook to Persian Art, and even when the temporary exhibition in Piccadilly is closed, one hopes this scholarly Introduction will be the means of sending enthusiasts to our magnificent possessions in the British Museum and at South Kensington.

H. S.

THE PRACTICAL DOG BOOK. By EDWARD C. ASH. With many illustrations. Simpkin Marshall. 21s.

This book is a positive encyclopædia of dogs, from which every dog-lover can learn something he does not know. From the "Description of Plates" at the beginning the reader will see that Mr. Ash is not only practical but widely learned about history and the obscure dogs of the past as well as the best types of the present. He can take us back for the Salukis to 1400 B.C. and show that the Irish Wolfhound has little claim to the adjective. Many breeds little-known in England are described, such as the Elkhound, and some good stories illustrate the English keenness on dogs. The Esquimaux dogs or Huskies, which haul loads in extreme cold with wonderful power, are said to be constantly wolf-crossed, but such a strain is not introduced in modern English-bred dogs. The sections entitled "The Day's Work" and "Veterinary Details," should be very useful. The latter, for instance, includes immediate measures to counteract the taking of strychnine, which a dog may pick up in rat poison. We notice the maxim that "There is never any excuse for beating a puppy," and seldom for beating a dog at all. Dog-owners should understand their dogs, which will respond beautifully to the right treatment. This book will tell them what to do. If they want to prepare a show terrier, or to treat a sick dog, they can find the best methods in two clear Plates.